he’s got some dangerous hobbies (like making me fall in love)

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he’s got some dangerous hobbies (like making me fall in love)

by manggaedoli

Summary

“Why the hell do you need two packs of XL Magnums? *Who* the hell goes to a store to buy two packs of condoms and a pizza? Are you an animal?” The omega spits out, disbelieving. He’s *twenty,* for god’s sake, why is this even being discussed, with a stranger of all people. “And don’t call me dude.”

Jungkook scoffs at that, eyes betraying him a little as they stick to the sinful curve of the smaller’s hips, the fullness of them and the small of his waist.

“I’m *sorry* your partner has a limp dick or whatever but I actually need these. Sorry you were bothered by my huge dick. Have a good day.” Jungkook snaps, lifting the pack of condoms in the air and waving them around as he does.

“There’s— there’s children here, you *imbecile!* A-and— my husband doesn’t have a—”

or, jungkook is a frat boy with little morals. jimin is a milf with a pretty face and a horrible husband. go figure.

Notes

i just want to say: this fic is my baby. pls don’t hate it.

any warnings u might need for this shitshow: omegas with pussies (yes, all omegas, im warning you now, click away if that’s not ur thing), jungkook acts like a little bit of an objectifying fuckboy in some aspects BUT he’s very nice about it, and his habits change quickly when he meets jimin, i made jk taller for indulgent needs, lots of mentions of mpreg, and i mean *lots*, jimin is referred to as mommy, etc., it’s all very cliché and tropey (as all my fics are lol)

if you’re ok with all of those things + want to read a silly love story between a frat boy and a milf in omegaverse form, then happy reading ♡

See the end of the work for more notes

Jungkook is so fucking hungover.

It’s a Friday and he’s got morning classes. And you may be asking yourself, *why* did he decide to get drunk on a Thursday when he knows he has to get up early tomorrow? Well, Jungkook is a little silly sometimes. No, but really, most days are like this.

He’s in university. He’s in a frat, for god’s sake. It’s typical for him. He’s young, he’s an alpha, he’s horny and he doesn’t see anything wrong with drinking on a weekday because he’ll work it off in the gym at some point during the next day anyway.

Yesterday, however, was such a bust. He went up to his room with a boy, an omega freshman he doesn’t really know all that well, but he was cute enough, and promptly realized he was out of condoms. He might fuck around a lot, but he’s still safe about it. Obviously he wasn’t gonna fuck him without a condom on. They got off together still, after which Jungkook had passed out at some point, waking up to find the boy gone. Which was fine, considering he was not in the mood for people today at all.

All the more reason to be pissed off this morning, if he wants to have fun at their weekend-start-of-the-school-year party next week, he’s gotta buy some condoms. He’d raid Seokjin’s room for some, or Namjoon’s, but those two are both in grossly committed relationships and they probably don’t have any. If they do, they might not even fit.

So, as groggy and gross as he felt, barely being able to shower this morning, he still drove to the closest supermarket to go get some. And some food. Something greasy and fatty.

He’s regretting all his choices right now, groaning as the harsh bright lights of the supermarket all but attack his sensitive eyes. He squints, rubbing at them until the last cobwebs of sleep disappear. He doesn’t even take a shopping cart, quite literally bee lining for the bakery in the store and grabbing the cheesiest pizza he can find and bagging it. It’s a Chicago deep dish, the kind he likes, and he mentally thanks whatever forces are out there that at least something is going right today.

People stare at him very obviously and Jungkook knows he’s handsome, messy black hair on his head and dark grey sweatpants low on his hips, a pink hoodie — Jin’s — over the mess of his locks. He didn’t dry it properly and it curls in all sorts of directions when he doesn’t blow dry it but Jungkook likes it in a way. Gives him that sort of effortless look, along with the piercings adorning his face, cool grey metal through his lip and eyebrow, and the tattoos peeking out from his clothing.

He’s not sure people are staring because of that, though, much more likely that they’re staring because he looks like death and glares at anyone looking his way.

He’s also sure that the menacing aura he’s got going on right now doesn’t help at all, alpha growls and grunts escaping him every now and then because he’s having a bad fucking day, okay. His

pheromones must be souring in the air, sandalwood and cotton turning bitter and dark.

He's sure that's what it is, seeing the way people actively avoid his trajectory as he walks. He's got pretty strong pheromones, too, musky and very telling of his sub-gender, or at least that's what he's been told.

He doesn't care all that much. He's annoyed enough with the way the store is blasting some sort of cheesy pop song through the speakers, the bass booming in his ears even though it's not that loud, not really.

He has a raging headache so he tries to find the stuff he needs quickly enough, stopping at the hygiene aisle where he knows the condoms are. He sighs as he looks at the shelves, quickly locating the Magnum ones, grabbing two of the XL packs, the ones that can hold his knot, even though they're definitely gonna make a dent on his budget for the month but whatever. Better to be safe than sorry.

And he is absolutely *not* being overconfident, those are the only ones that fit comfortably, and you can ask anyone he's slept with. He packs around nine inches, without the knot. Just saying.

Which is why, when he turns around and sees this omega looking at him in disbelief, his shopping cart in front of Jungkook, and he then decides to let out a snort at Jungkook with that stupid fucking song in the supermarket suddenly playing even louder, he's all but fuming.

Okay. He is pretty. Jungkook will give him that. The man has blonde hair, fluffy and falling over his forehead in an elegant manner, distinct plump lips and deep brown eyes.

He's shorter than him and definitely more petite as most omegas are, but strong in the way that Jungkook can see the lithe muscles peeking out from his silk beige dress shirt. It's tucked into an equally mouthwatering pair of black jeans, accentuated with a black belt, and, *oh,* it hugs his thighs and the curve of his ass wonderfully.

It's fat. His ass, he means, Jungkook not failing to notice the fact.

Jungkook is a horrible, horrible man for immediately thinking this man is every bit his type. Jungkook would most definitely fuck him if the situation was different. Then again, at this point, he

would fuck anything he finds vaguely pretty. So he's not a very good judge.

But the way he laughed has Jungkook in a conundrum.

"What?" Jungkook asks, very gruff and annoyed. He's buying two things and he was just on his way out, so excuse his bluntness. He's just not up to dealing with people and now this encounter is holding him up in this bright ass store for longer than he needs to be.

"Nothing," the omega says, shaking his head. His voice is pretty too, awfully enough. He tries to move away, leading his cart to make a sharp turn to avoid Jungkook, which just makes his vanilla-milky scent waft over to Jungkook, and also makes the ring on his left hand way more apparent. *Oh.* Disappointing.

Jungkook is nothing if not persistent, though, and now he needs to know what that little snort meant. He stops the man's cart with his hand, the smaller's eyes stopping to stare at his tattoos for a split second before he makes eye contact with Jungkook again, his eyes narrowed and his pink bottom lip jutting out in annoyance as he lets go of the shopping cart and crosses his arms.

"No, that was a snort. What's funny?" He questions, tone gruff and demanding.

"I said nothing. Can you let go of the cart now, *please?* Some of us have places to be." He says, tone full of fake-politeness and the smile on his face sour-sweet. Jungkook is just about to let go, put this in the weird encounter drawer in his brain and move the fuck on. He's got things to do. Just as they make their way to pass against one another, the man speaks again quietly. "And some of us are buying XL condoms at 9 AM on a Friday. Funny how things work out."

Jungkook turns around at that. Now the man is just being bitchy. What the hell kind of problem does he have with Jungkook buying condoms, of all things? It's preposterous.

"Listen, dude, I'm just trying to buy some condoms so I can get laid tomorrow. It's not quantum physics. So can we both just move on with our day?"

"Why the hell do you need two packs of XL Magnums? *Who* the hell goes to a store to buy two packs of condoms and a pizza? Are you an animal?" The omega spits out, disbelieving. Jungkook cannot believe this is happening right now. He feels like he's being scolded by his fucking mother.

He's *twenty,* for god's sake, why is this even being discussed, with a stranger of all people. "And don't call me dude."

Jungkook scoffs at that, eyes betraying him a little as they stick to the sinful curve of the smaller's hips, the fullness of them and the small of his waist. Fuck. Why does the arguing kind of make Jungkook want to fuck him even more now? Is he insane?

"I'm *sorry* your partner has a limp dick or whatever but I actually need these. Sorry you were bothered by my huge dick. Have a good day." Jungkook snaps, lifting the pack of condoms in the air and waving them around as he does, before turning around just as the man starts to sputter.

"There's— there's children here, you *imbecile!* A-and— my husband doesn't have a—"

Jungkook just snorts as he walks over to the self-checkout without looking back. He can hear the omega groan behind him, probably beyond frustrated, but whatever. He started it. There was no need to start the conversation, he could have just walked past Jungkook. What was the point? Maybe he really isn't getting fucked well.

He *did* look like the trophy omega type. And he does look particularly MILF-y, some parts of him feminine and others obviously sharp and masculine, tellingly older than Jungkook just by the way he carries himself.

It's none of Jungkook's business anyway.

But then again, he briefly thinks as he's scanning his items and then exiting the store to go crash in his bed, he was super pretty. And even his annoyance, in a way, had made Jungkook want to snap.

Not in an aggressive way. Maybe a *little,* but more so to fuck that uptight little ass until he's crying and begging around Jungkook's knot. Hold him by his fleshy hips, thumbs digging into his waist as the other squirms on his cock. He'd take it beautifully once the bratiness was fucked out of him, Jungkook thinks, a little hot and bothered even just imagining it, alpha all but salivating.

And he would be. Crying and begging, that is. Jungkook takes pride in having a big dick *and* knowing what to do with it. He does not however take pride in fantasizing about an annoying

omega in the supermarket. That's a new low. Usually he has omegas throwing himself at him. This one did anything but that, which, to be fair, is normal, considering he's married.

Whatever, though. Little pent up MILF can go get fucked by his husband's shrimp dick. Jungkook couldn't give less of a damn. At this point he just can't fucking wait to get back to bed. Maybe skipping his classes today wouldn't be a bad idea.

♥

Saturday night couldn't have come slower.

Jungkook has already finished getting ready, pregaming with Hoseok in his room as they both get ready. It's not a formal party by any means, but Jungkook does enjoy looking good, which means he's dressing up. He's wearing an oversized black and blue letterman jacket, a tight-fitting short-sleeved shirt on his torso and a pair of black cargos adorning his legs. His hair has decided to look very good today, his undercut nicely peeking out through the locks of hair, just the way he likes it.

It's sort of a game by now, Jungkook can admit that. He's been in university for two years and he's aware he's got a reputation. Plus, people in university are so fucking easy. Jungkook is easy too, maybe, but that's not the point.

All he has to do is flash a few smiles, a few caresses, maybe get his willing accomplice to sit on his lap for a bit, feel the bulge of his cock as he adjusts them, and just maybe wrap his tattooed arms over their waist, call them pretty a few times, and *boom.*

From then on, it's only a matter of time before they ask him if they could go up to Jungkook's room to get some privacy.

He's not a douchebag or anything! Absolutely not! He gives them a good night, makes sure they're comfortable and wet before taking his knot and *obviously* he cleans them up once they're done. He doesn't make them leave because omegas tend to get sensitive after sex and he doesn't mind the closeness, not really.

So, yeah, he's not a douchebag, but he does sleep around a lot. Some of them get attached — mostly to his cock, not him — and Jungkook does try to let them down easy, but also he makes

everything abundantly clear from the get-go so it's really not his fault.

Namjoon and Seokjin would never forgive him for saying this, but the omegas they're dating right now — Taehyung and Yoongi —, they'd met when the three were still very unhinged and when they'd all fucked in the same room. Jungkook doesn't know how it happened, even. He'd fucked some guy named Sungwoon, he remembers that much, but how the idea had come about to fuck three omegas in the same room, he has no clue. They were probably high on some shit and very drunk.

His friends despise the very mention of that story, finding it very cringeworthy and immature, but that was their peak. Some could even say that by now they've settled down, less horny alpha dogs and more horny alpha men. Or something.

Once his friends had started entering serious relationships, it had, with good reason, died down. Jungkook's not mad about it but now that only Hoseok and himself are single, it is a little boring. He's not saying he wants to go back to fucking multiple omegas in one day and barely remembering their names tomorrow, because he does find it a little douchey now, but you know. It was fun for the time it happened in.

"Are you done, Casanova?" Hoseok asks, laying on his bed, propped up on his elbow, sipping on some Red Bull-vodka and judging the way Jungkook was definitely checking himself out in the mirror. He's just making sure he looks good. He *needs* to fuck something today or he's literally going to disintegrate.

Jungkook looks back at him after fixing his hair up immaculately. "I'm sorry, but I need to look good today. If I don't hook up with someone today I might as well be dead. Haven't gotten my knot wet in a week." He points out. "A week, Hoseok. Do you know how long that is?"

"I'm going to sign you up for sex therapy. I'm serious. You're insane."

"No," Jungkook says, walking over to grab Hoseok's cup and drink the remainder of it, the alpha protesting with a loud 'hey!' but not stopping him otherwise. It tastes bitter on his tongue, but makes him feel a good kind of warm and fuzzy on the inside. "I'm a young, virile alpha in my prime. What else should I be doing?"

"You're a little addicted." Hoseok tuts, taking Jungkook's hand as the other pulls him from the bed and onto his feet. He can hear the music already booming downstairs and the party's definitely

already kicked off an hour ago but it never hurts to be fashionably late. Besides, nobody ever arrives on the dot. “Can’t wait for the day some cute little omega whips you into shape.”

“Hah,” Jungkook snickers, opening the door to his room and exiting, making their way downstairs where he can already see people piled up, the door to the terrace and the pool open, some girl screaming as she jumps in. “I’d love to see that happen.”

Hoseok just shakes his head, tapping him on the shoulder as he goes into the kitchen to pour himself another drink, probably. They go their separate ways, Jungkook heading for the living room, trying to see if there’s anybody he likes out here.

He has a clear cut type, so it’s not that hard. Short, cute, omega obviously, with a little bit of a bratty attitude and a soft scent that doesn’t irritate Jungkook’s nose, thick thighs and a fat ass. Guy or girl, doesn’t really matter, so long as they fit the criteria.

He scoffs a little as he makes his way to the sofas and sees Taehyung on Seokjin’s lap, the alpha’s hands traveling to his ass as he kisses down his neck and leaves hickeys all around his scent gland, the omega moaning over the music playing on the speakers. It’s a little gross to see them kiss like this, even though he’s seen them do worse.

It’s just gross because you can just see the love in the way Seokjin handles Taehyung, like he’s something delicate, and that’s something that Jungkook’s always been a little uncomfortable with.

How can you love someone so irrevocably that their safety is the utmost important thing to you? He doesn’t understand it. He knows it’s possible, sees the way Namjoon massages Yoongi’s stomach when the omega is having preheat cramps, sees the way Seokjin feeds Taehyung breakfast every morning, the portion much larger than his own.

He just can’t *see* himself doing that. He loves omegas and he respects them, he does, but he’s just never been in love with one. It’s always just been a good fuck for both sides.

He scans the room then, hoping to find somebody that catches his eye, but alas, the stench of the neon-lit room is just alpha musk, bodies grinding against one another in one sweaty mass. There isn’t even one omega that smells pretty to him. Ugh. What’s the point? He’ll try again later. It’s still early.

He sits his ass down next to Namjoon and Yoongi, the two sitting on the sofa adjacent to the sofa chair their other two friends are eating each other's faces off on, though the other couple is much more decent. They're looking at something on Yoongi's phone, the omega leaning into Namjoon with him having one hand over his shoulder, holding him tightly next to him.

"What's up with doofus one and two over there?" Jungkook yells out over the music, pointing at Seokjin and Taehyung.

Yoongi looks up at the noise, like he hadn't noticed the two making out before, and just shakes his head before returning his gaze to his phone as he replies to Jungkook. "Seokjin's going into rut soon. Taehyung is salivating over the thought of his knot. You get the jist."

"Well, I for one think they're cute." Namjoon replies.

"You would," Jungkook and Yoongi reply at the same time, and Namjoon laughs at them breathlessly, shaking his head.

"Bet you ten thousand won Seokjin's gonna start fingering Taehyung right here in like ten minutes," Jungkook says, so loudly that he catches the disgusted gaze of an innocent beta sitting next to him on the sofa. He extends a hand to Yoongi like they're gonna shake on it.

Namjoon stops them before they can, hand coming to halt Yoongi's before they can shake. "You guys are disgusting. Leave them alone. And *you,*" he says, pointing to Jungkook. "Don't act like you're some saint. You've done worse than that in front of all of us. At least they're somewhat hidden away."

Jungkook looks at Yoongi like he expects him to protest and be on his side. The omega just shrugs his shoulders. "Sorry. I gotta stay on his good side tonight. Besides, what're you doing here sitting next to us? Weren't you raving about getting laid all week?"

"I was," Jungkook sighs. He doesn't need to be reminded of the fact that everyone around them smells horrifying and the omegas that are giving him suggestive eyes aren't at all that appealing, though he'd be jumping at the opportunity to fuck them any other day. What's up with him? "Nobody's catching my eye though."

“You haven’t looked hard enough, ‘cause blondie over there that just walked in—” Namjoon says, whistling a little as he does, but Jungkook knows it’s performative and to get Yoongi jealous because Namjoon doesn’t do blondes. Namjoon doesn’t *do* anyone except Yoongi.

The omega gasps in offense, hitting his alpha on the pecs a handful of times before Namjoon grips both his wrists in one hand, tightly, and then Yoongi goes a little cross-eyed and pliant.

And that’s Jungkook’s cue to leave. Especially as he gets up and notices Seokjin’s hand unbuttoning Taehyung’s jeans, fingers trailing under the lace of his panties. Yup. No one wants to see that. Goodbye annoying couple(s), and hello pretty blonde with the dumpy that just walked in.

He’s wearing mom jeans, light-washed and very tight on his ass, a white baby tee on his torso from what Jungkook can see, the lower part of his stomach exposed, a pastel flannel covering his top half. He’s got pretty silver earrings in too and as he looks at his neck, he thinks he sees a sliver of ink in the dim light of the room. *Oh.* Yes. Finally. He can already feel his alpha waking up and outright salivating at the sight. This one’s the one.

He’s on the phone, however, and Jungkook’s not that much of an asshole to interrupt him while he’s obviously trying to speak to someone, one of his fingers on the ear that’s not occupied by his phone, covering it as he tries to hear the other person over the music. The alpha discreetly moves past him to get to the drinks table that is against the wall and pour himself some type of vodka mixed with cranberry juice.

“No, Sunghyun, I don’t know where he is. I don’t even know why I’m out here, fucking alone, looking for your son when he’s probably just having a good time with his friends,” the omega yells out, obviously frustrated with whoever he’s on the phone with. He’s facing away from Jungkook, looking towards the terrace door. “I don’t know! I don’t. You haven’t been home for *weeks* and now you’re trying to ruin this kid’s night by making him come home for *what?* To eat some cold dinner with the maids and me?”

He can tell they’re arguing, the omega’s scent very agitated, easy to tell even in the crowd.

“What? No! God, go fuck yourself. I’m going home. I’m going to go home and take care of *our* pup who hasn’t seen his father in five weeks, but whatever. It’s just business, right? Five business trips in two months, you must be working your ass off.”

He hangs up the phone angrily, pocketing it in the back pocket of his pants and Jungkook is just about to go away, not wanting to get involved because this is definitely a complicated situation he doesn't want to get sucked into. Plus, this person definitely doesn't go to university here. They're talking about pups and sons old enough to be in Jungkook's frat. Yikes.

He's just about to leave, slinking past the omega carefully when a hand on his shoulder stops him.

"Hey. You." The omega says, and then it hits him, as the voice registers in his brain. The ass. That tiny fucking waist and the blonde hair. The bitchy attitude, too. This is him.

This is the fucking guy from the supermarket! The one that attacked him about his condoms. And oh my god, he was arguing with his husband. Well, at least Jungkook was right about one thing. He surely hasn't been fucked throughly in ages.

"Oh no, no, no," Jungkook says, shaking his head as he moves backwards, trying to get away from the smaller man. He's not about to get into an altercation with this person again. Absolutely not. He doesn't need this today. "Listen, sir, you never saw me. We do not know each other. Let's just go on with our lives, okay? You go home to your hubby and I'll just slip off to my room. No need for all this."

"*Idiot.*"

"What?" Jungkook questions, eyebrows furrowing because surely he heard wrong.

"Nothing. I just— I need your help, okay? I'll leave you alone after. I promise." He says, and his voice sounds a little shaky, like he's out of it. His eyes seem a lot sadder than the last time he saw him too, and Jungkook is a weak, weak man for pretty omegas with big sad eyes.

"Fine. What do you need?" Jungkook asks bluntly, stepping closer to the omega so he can hear. Like this, he can really see how much he towers over him. Fuck. He must be at least five inches taller. No. No, Jungkook, control your dick.

You're a grown man. He's pretty and small and you could probably bend him all sorts of ways on your cock, but that's besides the point right now. He's married anyway.

“I need you to help me find my son. Well, my step-son,” the shorter sighs out. “You go here, right? It makes sense you’d go to a frat since—”

“Okay, woah,” Jungkook says, interrupting him before the omega can offend him once more. “Let’s stop right there. What’s your son’s name? I’ll take you to him.”

“Um, his name is Kim Mingyu.”

Jungkook freezes. What are the fucking odds? Of course, of course this would be his best friend’s mom. He’s just the luckiest motherfucker on earth. He groans mentally at the fact that he’s had very, very dirty thoughts about his best friend’s mother — and has effectively almost jerked off to the thought of his bratty attitude once — because that’s definitely breaking some bro code. He hopes this never comes up in conversation with Mingyu, god. The other would kill him.

“You probably don’t wanna go see Gyu right now.” Jungkook confesses because he knows what the other is probably doing. It’s what he’d be doing, too, if he was having a normal night.

“*Gyu?* What? Where is he?”

“You want me to be blunt?” Jungkook asks. He doesn’t know how to handle this delicately. He’s not used to dealing with moms other than his own. The omega nods at his question. “Well, he’s probably getting high somewhere or fucking some omega in either mine or his room. Considering he hasn’t texted me not to come to my room, probably in his.”

“Oh. Great.” The omega laughs dryly. His face scrunches up in a frustrated way before he sniffs and rubs at his eyes with his hands. “I’m out here looking for my husband’s son while they’re both fucking some sleazy omega whore and I’m gonna sleep in an empty house tonight. Fucking great. Well, at least Mingyu has an excuse. He’s twenty.”

Silence overtakes them for a bit. Jungkook isn’t sure what to say. He’s not sure of the background of the situation and he’s not sure he can do much to help. They don’t know each other. However, it feels wrong to just stand there and watch.

"…You want some?" Jungkook offers, holding his drink up to the omega.

"You know what? Sure," the omega says and Jungkook is ready to just hand him the cup, but the man moves in closer, his hand leaning Jungkook's cup farther down until it touches his lips before he lets go, letting Jungkook feed him the bitter liquid. It's a little bit arousing to say the least.

No, listen. Jungkook is *horny.* With a capital H. So seeing this omega letting him feed him drinks, some of the liquid dripping down the column of his neck and onto his shirt, it's a lot, okay?

"Right, well… I'm gonna go." Jungkook says before his thoughts can turn even more deprived, nodding his head. He's so over this right now. He needs to be inside something. He swears his alpha has started running marathons in his chest with how pent up they both are. Maybe Hoseok was right. Maybe he does have a little problem.

He's just about to turn around and go see if his friends have abandoned him in favor of having sex in their respective rooms when a pair of hands wrap around his waist.

"Hey Jungkookie-hyung," the person says and it takes a while to register, his eyebrows furrowing as he tries to put a name to the voice, and *ohhhhh,* this is the freshman he almost fucked a few days ago. The omega gazes up at him from his shoulder with pleading eyes. "I had a lot of fun last time. You *really* know what to do with your fingers," the boy sighs out. "I was thinking we could go up to your room tonight again. You know, finally have some fun with that monster of yours."

"Gee, as tempting as that sounds, and trust me, it *really* does right now, I only do one night stands. You know that. It gets complicated after. Sorry, baby." Jungkook says, honest. He'd fuck him if it wasn't for the fact that they'd already done it once. He would. He wasn't his greatest fuck but he also wasn't bad, had pretty enough moans and arched prettily for him when Jungkook fingered him.

"That's a shame. Well, let me know if you change your mind. I'll be around."

Jungkook nods at him, relaxing when the omega lets go of him and leaves him alone. He only then registers that Mingyu's step-mom has been staring at him in disgust ever since the other omega had started talking. Well. That checks out.

Nevermind that though, he's already said his goodbyes and he can leave. No need to hear the older's snide comments. He nods at the omega once more before moving to walk away from him.

"It can't be that fucking big."

Jungkook freezes in his step.

"What?" Jungkook says, confusion overtaking his features as he takes a step back, looking at the omega again as he crosses his arms.

"He called it a *monster*. Jesus. How big is it? What, like, six, seven inches?" The omega questions frantically.

"What are you talking about? The fuck?" Jungkook says, quite literally bursting into laughter at the way the shorter is phrasing his sentences, the words leaving his mouth so uncharacteristic of everything he's witnessed about the man so far.

"Your cock. How big is it? Just tell me. Like literally just tell me," he groans, sounding like the size of Jungkook's dick is something that's been bothering him for a while now. "No. Show me. I won't believe you. There's gotta be a bathroom somewhere. Let's just go and you can—"

"What the hell are you saying?" Jungkook laughs again, his hand covering his eyes as he looks at the floor and then back up at the omega. "I'm not showing my dick to my best friend's step-mom. Just take his word for it. There's no need for you to see it. Go home."

Jungkook says, shaking his head because this whole damn conversation is so ridiculous, before continuing. "You go home and forget all about me, and then I'm gonna go and get laid like I planned today, okay? Everyone's happy."

There's another long beat of silence that drags on like the omega is thinking something over, an exasperated sigh like Jungkook is the bane of his existence just by existing near him and then, unexpectedly, "I'll let you fuck me."

What the hell is going *on?*

There's no way the omega just said that. Absolutely no way. Jungkook is dreaming, like, something isn't right. This is a ridiculous conversation and he can't believe it's actually happening. With Mingyu's step-mom slash uptight weirdo MILF from the supermarket. Genuinely, what has his life come to?

Well, he's not opposed to it. Not really. He is gorgeous. Jungkook sort of can't believe Mingyu has hidden this guy away from him. Probably with good reason because from the very first time he'd seen him, it was instant desire to see the way he'd look under him, no matter how utterly annoying he finds the man. More than anything, he wants to fuck the attitude out of him. It's hard not to want to do that when the omega is a walking wet dream.

He smells so good to Jungkook too, makes his mouth salivate embarrassingly at the milky undertones of his scent, the vanilla soft and sweet, so potent he can almost taste it on his tongue.

But he's not going to do that! He's not. He has very little morals, but he does have some.

"Okaaaay, you've clearly had way too much to drink. Go home, Mingyu's mom. Get some sleep," he says, shaking the omega by his shoulder as a means to sober him up. "Don't cheat on your husband with his son's best friend. Trust me, you're gonna regret it tomorrow."

"I know you want me. I can smell you. I smelled you at the fucking grocery store too. Just— just don't play some hero right now. I'm handing myself to you on a silver platter," he says, biting his lip before timidly taking Jungkook's free hand and placing it right between his legs.

His large, tattooed hand on the small mound where the omega's pussy is. Jungkook gulps, can't believe the omega actually just put his hand there. He continues to just *stare* at the place of contact as the other speaks. "I'm— I'm tight too. He hasn't fucked me in ages, if you're worried about that."

Jungkook is a bad man. He's a horrible man. But then again, he also doesn't do this. He doesn't take advantage of vulnerable omegas that are obviously going through a tough time and trying to do crazy things to feel better. Like sleep with a fucking frat boy when they've obviously got their whole life together.

Jungkook mentally groans. Tonight wasn't gonna go like this. He was just supposed to finally go fuck some cute little omega and have a good time, not play therapist for his best friend's messed up family.

"I'm not— I'm not worried about— what's your name?" Jungkook asks, breaking out of his stupor and taking his hand away from the omega's crotch, trying not to think about the fact that his hand was quite literally just on the omega's *pussy.* His hand is even drenched in omega pheromones now.

"Jimin."

"Okay, Jimin. I'm Jungkook. You're obviously upset and I might be an asshole to you in every aspect, but I'm not gonna take advantage of you. Do you want to sleep in my room?" The alpha asks, but Jimin doesn't reply yet. He just stares at him. "You can, if you don't want to go home. I'll crash with one of my friends. You can just chill for a bit. I'll get you some alcohol, you can even get trashed if you wanna. I'm just not gonna fuck you."

"You're just doing this so I don't get to see your cock. It's small, isn't it? You buy those condoms because you're delusional?" Jimin says, nodding his head along as he does like he's convincing himself.

Jungkook is going to explode. What's wrong with this man? There must be something wrong. No way he's starting an argument about his dick again. Was once not enough?

"I'm starting to think you're delusional, omega," Jungkook growls, now fully done. He's done playing nice guy. Jimin is responsible for his own actions at this point. He's tried for long enough and he has no more patience to deal with his shit. He's going to have sex with someone today, and if it has to be this wet dream of a MILF in front of him, he's not gonna complain. He's not insane. "Fine. You wanna see it? Let's go."

He throws the empty cup somewhere on the floor before taking Jimin's hand and taking it in his own larger one, pulling him along as they move through the crowd of people, making sure he's close to him so he doesn't get lost in the masses. There's a lot more people now, something he didn't even notice while he was talking to Jimin.

As they make it up the stairs, the flashing lights honestly already hurting Jungkook's eyes, he notices that the sofa area is devoid of his friends, a very suspicious stain on the sofa chair the only

thing that's left. He snorts. Horny bastards.

The hallway upstairs is just full of rooms for all the frat brothers with each of them having their own bathroom and one communal one. His room's the third one, in between Namjoon's and Hoseok's, so they make it there in record time.

Jungkook opens the door, locking it behind them when they're both inside. Jimin walks in, looking around like he's surprised that the alpha's room is so neat and tidy. He's a little bit of a neat freak for a frat boy, fine. He likes having his shit clean. He even does his own laundry in a mini washing machine he bought.

His room is very monochrome, consisting of a double bed, a nightstand, a big window overlooking the campus, a wardrobe and a desk containing his computer and some other little things.

It's messy in the way that it's got lots of clutter all around, but he's a university student after all. He's got to be a little messy.

The omega sits on the bed, his scent giving way to something more sweet, a little mouthwatering to the alpha. Fuck, he smells turned on. He smells a little wet. He couldn't have noticed before because of all the people and the fact that they weren't standing super close but… how long has he been that wet for?

"So?"

"So what?" Jungkook says, a little bit teasing, the corner of his mouth lifting into a smirk.

"Can you stop being a douchebag? Just show me your dick." He says, his tone demanding and Jungkook almost wants to laugh at it. He's so pampered, used to getting his way, you can just see it. "Have you never fucked an omega? Because you're really acting like it."

Jungkook holds it in, a small smile appearing on his face instead. He moves in closer to Jimin slowly, looking down to undo his belt and unbutton his pants. He's wearing Calvin Klein boxers, his black ones and they do very little to hide the bulge of his cock. He knows he's well-endowed, he's already said it.

It doesn't hurt, however, to see the way the omega goes a little cross-eyed at seeing it in front of him. And it *finally* shuts him up. He's stopped talking, biting his plush bottom lip gently, eyes focused on Jungkook's crotch.

He doesn't wanna keep him waiting because he just knows he's gonna get more attitude for it so he tucks his fingers into the waistband, pulling until his cock springs out, hitting his lower stomach, very obviously half hard. He tucks the boxers under his balls before stroking along the length of it a few times subconsciously, the slide dry but heavenly as a means to relieve some pressure, squeezing at the head before he lets go.

His cock curves to the right a little and it always, *always* without a doubt manages to hit the g-spot of all the omegas he's fucked by now, even without much effort on his part. It's dark, intimidating, with a charming vein running from head to hilt. He's got a little wispy hair leading down to it, a happy trail, and neatly trimmed hair around the base of his cock.

The scent of alpha pheromones spreads through the room. He can tell the omega can smell it in the air too, can feel the way he stiffens when he takes it all in.

"Well, you saw it. Happy now?"

Jimin gulps. His hands move anxiously at his sides, one of them digging into his duvet. "It's… That's… How big is it?"

"I don't know," Jungkook laughs. He really doesn't know for sure. It's not something that's a big asset — ha — in his life so he's never cared. He's seen all of his friends' dicks, one way or another, and they're more or less the same size, especially when it comes to Namjoon and Seokjin. Maybe a little smaller, but similar. He's always just thought it was normal. Maybe it's a generational thing. "Like nine inches or something? Maybe a little bigger with the knot."

"That's— fuck. No wonder you need condoms. I'm probably gonna get pregnant just looking at it."

"That would be unfortunate considering you're married," Jungkook teases as Jimin rolls his eyes at the comment. "How old are you, by the way? You seem awfully young to be married to fucking Mingyu's dad. That guy's like fifty."

“I’m twenty-nine,” Jimin responds like he’s suddenly insecure, and Jungkook feels a little out of place with his cock just out and about in the room, so he tucks himself back inside his boxers and sits next to Jimin on the bed, looking into each other’s eyes. “And before you say anything, I didn’t marry him for money—”

“I wasn’t gonna say that,” Jungkook says, and truly, he wasn’t. Jimin doesn’t seem like the type. They have a pup together, and then there’s also the fact that he actually seems to care about Mingyu, had come all the way over here to look for him. “You sure you’re not gonna regret it if we do stuff? You can still just go home. You’ve seen it now. You can tell your middle-aged erotic book club friends all about it.”

“Ha ha,” Jimin says dryly before shaking his head, taking Jungkook’s tattooed hand by the wrist and placing it on the button of his jeans. “I’m not gonna regret it. He doesn’t— he doesn’t care. And honestly, you do kinda seem like you know what you’re doing,” Jimin admits and the alpha immediately puffs his chest at that. “For a kid.” The omega adds dryly.

Jungkook hums at that, not paying much mind to what Jimin is saying and instead focusing his attention on the omega’s face. He’s pretty. He really is. Jungkook thinks he might be the prettiest omega he’s ever seen. There’s a certain maturity to his body too, something that must come with the fact that Jimin is an actual mother, which his alpha just likes way too much.

Is that a thing? He’s always sort of had an embarrassingly strong breeding kink when he’s in rut, but he’s never been so attracted to the thought of an omega actually carrying his child when he’s sane.

Why’s that on his mind right now? With this omega of all people, who is very much older than him and very much married and very much staring at Jungkook’s doe eyes right now as they rake over his body.

“You’re pretty,” leaves his mouth in a breathless murmur, getting lost in the subtle shimmer that’s on Jimin’s eyelids, the pink of his cheeks and the gloss that’s shining on his plump lips.

They’re close now, closer than they were before, moving into each other like magnets, both their breathing turn a little ragged as Jungkook’s gaze sets on Jimin’s lips. Jungkook places his hand on Jimin’s cheek, his thumb stroking against the expanse of Jimin’s flushed cheek.

He moves in even closer, his bottom lip snagging on Jimin's top one in a soft manner, touching for all but a moment before he pulls back, their noses touching as he does.

Jimin's hand comes up to grip at the alpha's wrist, almost trying to pull him closer and Jungkook takes that as his confirmation along with the omega's honey-sweet scent thick in the air, enveloping Jungkook and suspending him to a mouthwatering amount of omega pheromones.

Their first touch of lips is soft. Jimin tastes a lot like strawberries, Jungkook realizes quickly, his lips smooth and soft, reciprocating the alpha's little kisses as his free hand travels to the top of Jimin's thigh. He squeezes a little, gripping the thickness of it just as Jimin opens his mouth, allowing Jungkook to slip his tongue in.

It's a little less soft from then on, surely, slow and controlled because Jungkook wants this to last for Jimin, wants to show off and let the omega see how good he actually is. Show him how utterly *wrong* he was about him.

Jimin wraps his arms around the alpha's neck, one entangling in Jungkook's hair before their kiss turns deeper, tongues fighting against one another in a mock-fight for dominance, not really a fight, with the way Jimin lets Jungkook lead the kiss, only pretending to put up a fight.

Jungkook growls into the omega's mouth, their noses pushing against each other before he lifts him up from where he's sitting, hoisting him up and letting Jimin realize that he wants him to sit in his lap, the omega's thighs on either side of his hips.

Jimin lets out cute little mewls as Jungkook kisses down his jaw, kisses turning into less than soft sucks on his scent gland, forming pretty bruises that the omega's uptight little ass is probably going to hate, but he doesn't seem to be hating them now, not really, as his hips rock against Jungkook's boxers, his hands coming to Jungkook's shoulders to shrug the alpha's jacket off, his own flannel coming off as well.

There's a lot more skin to touch, a lot more to see, his tattoos out in the open, hands wrapped around the omega's small waist as he moans into his mouth.

He smells so sweet. So ripe. So *ready.* He wants it. He's never been with an omega that has wanted him this much, with one that smells like he's virtually dripping, like the slick is leaking through his jeans. It's not, that would be something straight out of porn and even Jungkook isn't delusional enough to believe something like that could happen.

He kisses behind Jimin's ears softly, the omega shivering with arousal before returning to his lips once more, kissing him deeply until they're both gasping for air.

One of his hands simultaneously reaches between them, separating from Jimin and looking him in the eyes as his finger catches on the button of his pants. Jimin nods desperately, biting his lip as the alpha unbuttons his jeans and pulls down the zipper, revealing his undies.

A black lacy thong, pulled taut on his fleshy hips. Jungkook is going to *die.* He's going to die and go to heaven tonight.

He inhales sharply, mouth caught on a snarl as his hand travels down, settling on Jimin's pussy right over his panties. Jimin squirms a little, hiding his face in Jungkook's neck as the alpha just cups him through his underwear. It's damp, the omega's wetness leaking through the fabric and wetting his hand, leaving a trail of milky-sweet vanilla pheromones, marking the alpha as his own. At least for the night.

Jungkook reaches for his face again, making them hold eye contact, not letting the omega hide. His eyes are glazed over, becoming ever so responsive to Jungkook's pheromones, the musky scent of sandalwood spreading in the room, angry and commanding. He rubs against the alpha's hand ever so slightly, taking the edge off his little clit, putting pressure on it when he thinks the alpha doesn't notice.

He halts his hips once the omega starts getting a little *too* into it, his lips opening in a whine as his ministrations are abruptly stopped.

"You're so wet for me, baby," Jungkook growls out, his voice sounding embarrassingly deeper than it usually does. He can't really help it. He's more alpha than man currently, instincts taking over when he's got a perfectly pliant and beautiful omega on his lap. "Little pussy wants to take me so bad, yeah?"

"N-no," Jimin protests, shaking his head, his eyes scrunched shut before he opens them once more. "I'm not wet because of *you,* it's just a natural reaction—"

"Oh, sweetheart, this is definitely because of me," Jungkook says, punctuating his words by rubbing two fingers against where Jimin is soft and warm and needy, his folds spreading against the

pressure of the alpha's digits over the fabric, squirming as he grips onto the alpha's shoulders, desperately holding back a moan before roughly taking his bottom lip between his teeth. "It's okay, though. I wanna see how pretty you look crying on my knot too."

"I'm sure you don't even— ah— know how to make an omega come. You're just…" Jimin breathes out, voice caught on a gasp when his clit drags against Jungkook's fingers. He's purposefully trying to rile Jungkook up because he's so fucking wet and they haven't even done anything. The alpha is doing something right, clearly. "…all talk."

Jungkook outright laughs at that, throwing his head back. That's so rich coming from Jimin right now. He's the one trying to grind against the slightest bit of pleasure Jungkook's fingers are giving him right now, already turning breathless, and he's got the nerve to question the alpha's abilities to make him come?

Alright.

He catches him in a kiss right after, slower this time, Jimin trying to tease Jungkook by not letting him reach his lips followed by the alpha chuckling before he grips him by the neck, bringing him back down until their lips meet again.

It gets a little frenzied, after a while, turning desperate, both their shirts somehow ending up somewhere on the floor, Jungkook leaning back when the omega moves down to his chest, leaving tiny love bites all over.

Jungkook almost wants to laugh at him again because, at this moment, he seems so much younger than he is, losing his sharpness and edge when he's like this, turning into the picture-perfect omega with ease.

His hand reaches back down to slowly tuck itself into Jimin's panties, feeling the softness of his folds, the smooth, smooth skin gliding against his fingers, so obviously freshly waxed and perfect. He groans, his hand reaching between the omega's chubby folds, getting to feel how warm and open he is, the wetness coating his fingers with a sticky sheen.

The omega cries out as Jungkook's fingers graze his clit, stopping his ministrations in favor of panting into Jungkook's ear.

They're both lost to the world, the music downstairs turning into just a pleasant buzz as their bodies give way to something more.

Only, just as it's starting to get to the point where he's considering taking Jimin's jeans off, putting a pillow behind his back for comfort and eating the fuck out of his pussy because he has a sinking feeling it tastes the way Jimin smells and he is *so* down for having a sweet little treat, maybe even make the omega squirt in his mouth so he can gulp it all down, the lock on his door rattles and there's an insistent knock.

Jungkook groans. Jimin freezes in his arms, body turning less pliant and suddenly very sharp and rigid as they both stare at the door.

The alpha kisses behind his ear before whispering, "Calm down. I locked it. No one's coming in."

"Don't tell me to *calm down,*" Jimin hisses in a whisper slash yell, swatting at Jungkook's muscly chest with little intention of hurting him, more-so just wanting to air his frustration out. "I'm in a room with what's basically an eighteen year old who has his hands down my panties. While I'm *married.* I'm allowed to be terrified."

"I'm twenty—"

"Kook, you in there?" A voice yells out after the knocking stops.

Fuck. Jungkook would recognize that voice anywhere. The same voice that annoyingly wakes him up for classes by jumping on his bed and screaming loudly in his ear. That is absolutely 100% Mingyu.

Jimin turns into literal stone in his arms and Jungkook thinks he even stops breathing for a full minute.

"Jungkooook?" Mingyu repeats, knocking again and yelling out louder this time.

"…I'm here," Jungkook replies, taking his hand out of Jimin's pants and buttoning him up carefully, trying not to let his disappointment show. It's obvious the mood is ruined and should Mingyu actually want to come into his room, he'd rather just say he was helping Jimin find him and *not* that he was about to have sex with his best friend's step-mom. "What do you need?"

Jungkook can see the distress spreading over the omega's face and he can just tell what he's thinking, *what if he comes in, what if he sees, what if he smells us.* There's a distinct need to protect him then, like any good alpha would, but he doesn't know how. He's not used to dealing with distressed omegas. Usually, when an omega is with him in his room, they're anything but scared.

"Hey, it's okay," Jungkook whispers, lips almost touching the shell of Jimin's ear. He kisses his jaw. He doesn't know what he's doing but it's what feels right. "I won't let him see you."

"Like you could do anything," Jimin scoffs, groaning quietly as his hands come to rub at his face in frustration, waiting for Mingyu to speak again. "You're a *baby.* You've barely presented."

Jungkook growls. "I'm not—"

"Do you have somebody in there?" Mingyu yells over the music, curiosity obvious in his voice as Jungkook murmurs a reluctant yes that can probably barely be heard through the door. "Oh! Oh, sorry. You two have fun! Use protection!"

Jungkook throws his head back once he's sure Mingyu has left, collapsing on the bed and taking Jimin down with him, the omega letting out a squeal when he falls on top of the alpha, propping himself up on his hands as he gets up with Jungkook still staying down on the bed, refusing to get up and now wallowing in the fact that he's definitely not even gonna get laid today.

"I'm sorry." Jimin says, tone flat and numb. He almost looks guilty, sheepishly scratching along his wrist.

"For what?" Jungkook says, lifting his head from the sheets and looking up at Jimin from where he's laying, confusion clear on his face.

"For wasting your time, I guess," the omega sighs. He starts collecting his bearings, getting up from Jungkook's lap and searching for the things they'd taken off in the midst of their making out.

“For this whole night. Sorry. This shouldn’t have happened.”

Jungkook can tell he’s upset. He’s most definitely regretting this. But the alpha can’t help but think he’s overreacting a little. It’s not like they did *much.* And from what he overheard of Jimin’s phone call, it’s not like he has anything to feel bad about.

His husband seems like an asshole. He knows from experience how he’s treated Mingyu too, his own son, and it doesn’t seem like he’s been treating Jimin any better.

“You didn’t do anything wrong,” Jungkook tries to reassure, though he’s so bad at this whole thing he’s not sure he’s doing it right. What is he supposed to say? Jimin is right. This encounter realistically shouldn’t have happened. Maybe they were both a little drunk and out of it.

“I cheated on my husband.” Jimin snorts as he says it though it’s dry, certainly doesn’t seem like he finds it funny before putting his shirt on and then his flannel, messing with his hair until it looks styled-ish again, not messy from Jungkook’s wandering hands.

“We didn’t do anything. I barely touched you. You have nothing to feel guilty over.”

“I *do,*” Jimin repeats, searching for his phone and finding it somewhere on the floor. “This just shouldn’t have happened. I’m sorry.”

Jimin unlocks the door then, opening it a tad to check for anybody who might see him coming out of the alpha’s bedroom. Once he sees that nobody is out there, he steps out of the room’s threshold, faltering at the door for a mere moment.

He looks back at Jungkook for only a second, nodding his head like he’s trying to convince himself that this choice is the right one before exiting. The alpha doesn’t have a desire to stop him but he does feel a little empty, a little weird, like maybe he should want to stop him.

It is what it is, though. Not much he can do there. He hopes Jimin isn’t too upset because he would hate that. He’s not a bad person. He wouldn’t want *any* of his hookups to leave feeling weird about things. The alpha can only muster up a weird little wave just as Jimin leaves, though he’s not sure the older even notices it.

Whatever. What a weird fucking night, Jungkook thinks, groaning as he wills himself to get up and get himself ready for bed. No point going back downstairs now, he doesn't feel like doing shit anymore.

At least he's not gonna be hungover tomorrow. That's a plus side.

♥

The next few weeks pass by in a blur for Jungkook. It's always a little busy at the start of the year and even if he is in a frat, he somewhat cares about his grades. Okay, not really. But he is diligent in attending his classes as much as he can, so at least there's that.

Honestly, he's kinda been down for a while. He doesn't know what it is, really. He's been spending more and more time alone in his bedroom or in the gym at odd hours of the night. His alpha's been restless, pacing around in his chest and being growly and weird. He's not all that close to his rut, it's at least three weeks away, so it can't be that. He's just been weird.

It's not like he minds it so much though, sometimes he has these phases where he cocoons himself in his little world, barely spending time with anyone else and more-so focusing his attention in the gym or in his classes or whatever weird fixation he's got for that month. His friends know that, but usually he gets bored of that routine easily, so it's a little weird that it's gone on for so long.

Which is why his friends have decided to virtually attack him on this fine afternoon, all following into his room in a puppy pile to annoy him while he's trying to write up some semblance of an essay. It's not working. He's written one paragraph and he's already bored.

His alpha is unreasonably affecting his mood too, acting up and making him frustrated and angry.

He doesn't know what the hell is going on. He probably needs to fuck and let out some steam. He hasn't fucked anyone since that freshman. Or better yet, since Jimin.

It is a godsend, however, that Hoseok decided to bring some weed in favor of cheering Jungkook up and celebrating that it's Friday and they don't have classes tomorrow. He could genuinely kiss

him for that because he's been so damn pent up, anxious and annoyed at anything and everything, and this is just the thing he needs to feel better.

They each take turns taking puffs, having Seokjin be the one to roll their blunts because he's decided to be Mr. I-Don't-Wanna-Smoke-Today-Because-I'm-Oh-So-Mature. It's annoying but whatever. At least he's helping the community — read: helping them get high —, so Jungkook can't be too mad. Someone should be responsible so they don't do something stupid.

Last time they all got high together they somehow acquired *two* cats and brought them back to the frat. They weren't even stray cats. They full-on looked like expensive ass house cats. He doesn't even want to know how they did that.

After taking a few drags, he feels the tension in his muscles unfolding, thoughts turning fuzzy and nice. He's lying on his bed by Namjoon and Yoongi with himself in between them.

It's nice even if the couple sometimes obnoxiously decides to kiss over him. Hoseok and Taehyung sit on the bed with their backs against the wall while Seokjin sits on Jungkook's desk chair, the kind that has wheels, swiveling around the room and hovering around his omega for what's absolutely longer than necessary.

"I love the imagery of this cute little couple cuddling," Seokjin says, gesturing towards Yoongi and Namjoon, smile high on his face before it turns flat. "And their man child in between them."

Namjoon laughs, hiding his face in Jungkook's neck before peering up at Seokjin. "He's our son. Don't offend him like that."

"That's right." Yoongi confirms, nodding along, a dopey smile on his face and his eyes relaxed. "I raised him with my own two hands."

"Thanks, mom and dad," Jungkook says, rolling his eyes before he outright full-on laughs, not sure what's so funny but everything is funny and that expression Taehyung's got on his face, leaning into Hoseok's shoulder as the alpha offers him a drag from his blunt, delicining the alpha's offer, is suddenly the most hilarious thing he's ever witnessed.

“You okay, baby?” Seokjin asks when he also notices the way Taehyung is leaning into Hoseok, uncharacteristically quiet.

“Hm? Oh, yeah,” The omega replies, shaking his head, but it seems that he changes his mind quickly after that. “Can you come sit with me? I’m cold.”

And here they go again. *Disgusting.* Jungkook can’t believe he's stuck in a room with these two. Seokjin nods immediately, catering to each and every one of Taehyung’s whims with zero hesitation. He sits next to Taehyung on the side that Hoseok isn’t occupying, putting Namjoon’s long legs on his lap so he can still comfortably lay down as they all bundle up on his tiny bed. Taehyung sniffs at his alpha’s scent gland, sniffling a little as he does, and alright, that’s *kinda* cute.

Time drags on by in a slow manner before Taehyung announces he needs to go to the bathroom and maybe Jungkook is more receptive to things when he’s high but the omega seems sort of down in the dumps today, barely joining into their conversations and sticking close to Seokjin, not letting anyone else touch the alpha or get close to him. Jungkook would find it disgusting otherwise, but Taehyung seems like he needs it.

Taehyung might be lucky in other aspects with his alpha, but he’s definitely not the most perceptive. He’s barely noticed the omega’s behavior, instead engaging in intense conversation with Namjoon about some fuckass video game.

Jungkook doesn’t want Taehyung to feel bad all on his own and they *are* pretty close, so he tells the guys he has to go piss too and follows the omega, knocking on the door.

He receives what’s probably a sniffle in reply, though he can’t be quite sure that’s what it is, before Taehyung opens it for him.

Jungkook enters, closing the door behind him quietly so as to not draw attention that both of them are in the bathroom at the same time even if the rest are way too high to even notice they’re gone.

“Hey. You okay?” Jungkook says once he notices the omega is sitting down on the closed toilet lid, looking worse for wear with his eyes a little puffy. He must have been crying. Jungkook frowns.

“Yes,” Taehyung says but it gets choked back on a cry. He snorts a little dryly then, voice wet and nasally because of the tears flowing on his face more freely now. He wipes them with the back of his hoodie sleeve before turning to Jungkook. “Not really.”

The alpha’s frown deepens as he moves closer, kneeling in front of Taehyung with his hands on the omega’s knees. He strokes along the expanse of each in what he hopes is some semblance of comforting. He’s not sure what’s wrong or how he can help, but he does want to.

It’s terrible to smell Taehyung’s soft omega pheromones turn bitter and rotten in the air with utter distress and sadness. He almost wants to go and yell at Seokjin right now. How could he not notice?

“Tell me,” The alpha says, nodding his head along to coax him into speaking once he sees how hesitant Taehyung looks, almost nervous. Taehyung is never nervous. He’s loud and unapologetically himself and so out there. He’s never so small. Jungkook has never seen him act so small before. “It’s okay. I won’t tell Jin if you’re worried about that. If… it’s something about him, if he’s hurt you—”

Jungkook doesn’t even want to think about that, about one of his best friends doing that and being that kind of person because that’s just utter scum. If he was, however, Jungkook would hold no qualms for their friendship.

“No, no, god,” Taehyung says, exasperated, like the very thought of Seokjin doing that is unbelievable. That’s good. That’s what Jungkook wants to hear, he’s comforted by the fact. He looks at the omega intently, urging him to continue. Taehyung looks away for a brief moment, biting his lip before he scoffs. “I might be pregnant.”

“I don’t know yet— I mean I’m not sure— but I’m late and we didn’t… uh, use anything during his rut and I’m not on birth control which is stupid, I *know*— but I guess we just weren’t thinking and now— now I’m basically a teen pregnancy case,” he continues, all in one breath, his voice getting louder as he goes on.

Now Jungkook is even more lost for words than he was before. He doesn’t really know what to think or to say. He’s never, not once before, had to deal with a pregnancy scare and now he’s dealing with one that’s not even his own. Jungkook can understand the fear, however, and he doesn’t think it’s Taehyung’s fault. If anything, Seokjin should have thought to get some fucking condoms. He’s responsible for that.

But he also does understand the frenzy of a rut and he can only assume coming inside a warm, willing omega while also knowing you're fulfilling that biological urge of getting them pupped has got to feel so fucking good. So he can *kind of* see why they'd forgone protection in the first place.

"Oh, Taehyungie…" Jungkook croons, moving to hug the omega and tug his face into the crook of his neck so he can cry all his frustrations out. He wishes he'd told Seokjin first, although he can also feel how scared the omega is. He can't judge. It's gotta feel easier to tell Jungkook than to tell his boyfriend. "You're gonna be fine. Not the end of the world, y'know? I'm here."

"Easy for you to say," the omega snorts as they separate from their hug. "I don't wanna be fucking pregnant. I'm in university. Seokjin's still in this godforsaken frat. I don't *want* our pup to come from meaningless rut sex."

"Well, you don't know for sure yet. You don't have to be. Maybe it's just a fluke."

"I don't know. I was gonna go get a pregnancy test today, but Seokjin told me he was gonna go hang out with everyone and then I didn't know when to tell him and now… he's probably getting high with the rest of them or something. Can't exactly tell him."

"I'll go," Jungkook says, nodding his head along when Taehyung faces him with a look that says 'really?'. He taps him on the knees once more before getting up. "Yeah, we can go together. I won't take it with you because *gross,*" Jungkook shudders and the omega snorts. "But I think you should really tell your alpha 'cus he loves you to death. He'd make sure you were both taken care of if push came to shove."

"Wow," Taehyung says, voice filled with awe, like he's surprised at what he's hearing. "I never in my life thought I'd be having this conversation with you, and actually feeling better after. The fact that you're actually able to feel complex emotions other than horny baffles me."

"Hey!" Jungkook says, though he's well aware it's true. He's never been this serious in his life, but this is one of his best friends. He can be serious when it's important things like these. Mingyu knows that best, actually, because Jungkook had been the one he'd come to whenever his dad was being horrible to him again. He'd stopped talking to him for the past few months and their deep talks had significantly lessened since then.

Now they talk about how many omegas they fucked on the weekend. It's all about balance.

"Come on," Jungkook says, offering a hand to Taehyung so the omega can stand up. He takes it, Jungkook pulling him up. "Let's go find out if Seokjin's swimmers are any good."

"For my sake, I hope they drowned."

♥

"That one looks good," Jungkook says, pointing at a pregnancy test displayed on the shelf. It's on discount.

"Jungkook," Taehyung faces him with a look. "That test is a thousand fucking won. If you took it you'd be pregnant too."

The alpha snorts. "Okay, well, sorry!" He gesticulates in the air, unsure of how he was supposed to know which ones are good and which not. He's not an omega. He doesn't know how this shit works.

"Oh my god, what the fuck is that?" Jungkook exclaims, now looking at a terrifying machine displayed a little farther down the aisle.

It's something that has two bottles attached to it and it looks like something out of a damn horror movie, and Jungkook can't even think of what the hell that's supposed to be used for. It straight up looks like a medieval torture device. The lady omega drawn on the box is smiling and looks happy with her baby but Jungkook is petrified. How could anyone be happy buying *that?* It's gotta be some propaganda.

Taehyung sighs at him. "It's a breast pump, genius. Are you two?"

"That's terrifying."

Taehyung ignores him in favor of looking around the shelf and comparing different tests, taking a ClearBlue one and reading the label and instructions. He does this with a few before putting two in the basket Jungkook is holding, returning to looking at other ones as the alpha's eyes roam around the store.

There's a familiar soft and delicious scent slowly filling his airways and Jungkook can't really register what it is, almost thinking it's Taehyung and that the omega really is pregnant because this smells so vanilla and milky and so *potent* that it must be that of either a pregnant omega or of one in preheat. It's not, however, and Jungkook realizes that when the source comes even closer and he starts to place a person to the scent.

And there's also the fact that the source of the good scent starts speaking. With that annoying voice of his.

"You got someone *pregnant?*" Jimin says, eyes turning into buttons with how he's staring at the tests in his basket and at Taehyung who's also turned around by now and is looking at the other omega.

"What? No!" Jungkook exclaims, stupefied at the fact that he's seeing Jimin again and also at the fact that the omega is fucking yelling at him. Is this all he does? Jungkook's been yelled at by him more than he has by his own parents. "Hello to you too, Jimin. Nice to see you. I'm glad to see you're doing well."

Jimin rolls his eyes. He's looking equally mouthwatering today as he did that day but he's now wearing a light pink cardigan tucked into black shorts that show off his honey thighs, thick and gorgeous and so biteable Jungkook physically has to restrain himself. He looks nice. Prim and proper, exactly like a good little trophy husband. God. Jungkook's sexual appetite is suddenly back, his alpha ready to mount this omega right here. Get his pussy nice and wet and show everyone in the store who he belongs to.

His alpha is clearly a little stupid because Jimin most certainly isn't his.

"Why are you buying pregnancy tests? Are you going to be a father? *You?* Oh, this is just hilarious," Jimin says, almost starting to outright laugh at the alpha.

Jungkook is ready to put him in his place once again and get into an actual argument this time because if it was just him, fine. But now poor Taehyung's gotten involved with devil reincarnate

sexy succubus Jimin.

"Okay, that was *bitchy.* There's no reason for this goddamn attitude. He's just helping me and being a good friend. Jesus." Taehyung says, squinting his eyes as they rake all over the other omega. "Are you jealous? Is that what it is? I would be too. Our Jungkookie is so handsome, isn't he?"

Jungkook blushes a little at Taehyung's bluntness and at the compliment, but it seems like he's not the only one as he looks over to Jimin and sees the smaller turn bright red, flushing with embarrassment because Jungkook would never be so blunt and direct especially when it comes to Jimin but Taehyung just functions like that. He says it the way it is.

There's an awkward silence that drags on for a few minutes after that and the alpha is sure Jimin has already left, obviously repulsed by even the *thought* of him wanting Jungkook, turning back to Taehyung and trying to actually shut up and be helpful, leaving out any comments he might have. He's surprised when he hears the omega speak again from behind him.

"…You don't want those ones," Jimin says, Taehyung turning to him as he points at the tests the other omega has got his eyes on. "They take super long to develop and they're false positives, like, 90% of the time."

"Oh," Taehyung says, nodding. "Thanks, I guess." He hums before getting up from where he was squatting at the bottom of the aisle. "I'm gonna go get some of that ramen Jin-hyung loves so I can hopefully ease the blow when I tell him. I'll be right back."

Jungkook nods at him and the omega quickly wanders off to the other end of the store. Only then does he realize that Jimin is *still* here, staring at him.

They're alone with each other and Jungkook doesn't know what to say. What can he say? It's been like a month since they've seen each other last. The omega was just a failed hookup. Jungkook doesn't even have any of those besides him, so that's all the more reason they should just go their separate ways. There's literally no conversation they could be having right now.

And yet, neither of them make a move to leave. On the contrary, they stand there taking each other in. Jungkook probably smells like weed and other alphas and maybe a hint of Yoongi, wearing a white CK t-shirt and grey sweatpants. He certainly doesn't look his best, not next to mister perfect over there, with his beautifully styled hair and the cute little earrings in his ears and his smooth, smooth legs.

“So we meet again,” Jungkook says, trying to dispel the tension. He chuckles a little nervously as Jimin just stares at him with his deep-brown puppy eyes. Does he not blink? Did he always have such pretty eyes? His alpha certainly thinks so. “Must be destiny. Or you’re stalking me.”

“Me? Stalking you?” Jimin says, pointing at himself as he says it. He giggles a little at that. Did Jungkook just get a giggle out of him? And of course his giggles sound like chiming bells. “Probably the other way around.”

Jungkook laughs, hands coming to rub at his eyes as he does. “Yup, you got me there. I’m pussywhipped.”

“You’re what?” Jimin questions, squinting his eyes.

“Pussywhipped, you know like—” He starts, but the omega faces him with an even more confused look and he just sighs. Damn millennials. “Nevermind.”

“Must you be so crude all the time?”

“Sorry, Your Highness. I’ll be sure to do better.”

The conversation dies down with that, an awkward silence following in the bustling supermarket.

Jimin looks around for a mere moment before his eyes sneakily settle on Jungkook’s bicep, the tattooed one and the way it’s flexed while he’s holding the basket. The omega must think Jungkook doesn’t notice, because it goes on for a while. It goes on for so long that when the omega’s gaze settles on the bulge of his cock through his sweatpants, he realizes they’ve gotta stop.

“It was nice to see you. And I really am glad you’re doing well. I guess we’ll probably see each other around at the store sometime again, huh?” Jungkook says as he gets ready to go looking for Taehyung. He’s been gone for a while now.

Jimin must notice that, as he stops him just as he's about to head out. "Wait," he says, extending his hand towards Jungkook. The alpha frowns in confusion. "Your phone. Give it." The smaller commands and Jungkook reaches into his pocket to give it to him, not quite sure why he's so compliant all of a sudden. It's unlocked so Jimin just starts typing something in before handing it back.

"That's my number," he continues. "If your friend has any trouble with the pregnancy tests or something. Or, y'know, if something comes up with Mingyu, or…" The omega trails off.

"Oh. Right. Sure." Jungkook says, curt. He doesn't know why he feels a little disappointed. What was he expecting? This married omega to start having an affair with him? Geez. They can barely speak two sentences if they're not arguing about something, they've got absolutely nothing in common, not even their age.

Jungkook nods at him then, saying goodbye once more before walking away.

"Or!" Jimin yells out, making the alpha turn around as he walks. "If you just… wanna see me again… like last time."

Jungkook smiles at that, unable to stop the emotion from spilling onto his face. Suddenly the hole in his chest feels filled, his alpha doing a little happy dance at the fact that Jimin is paying attention to them again. Gross. What the fuck's wrong with him?

"For sure, MILF-y Jimin. I'll see you around!" Jungkook says before skipping off. He can't believe he just got fucking Jimin's number. The prissy little soccer mom that hates his *guts*. His dick really must have healing properties.

"MI— MILF-y— what?!" Jimin exclaims, looking like he's going to explode at the comment. "Are you insane?!"

♥

It seems it's not only his cock Jimin is after because since the day the omega had given him his number and Jungkook had texted merely an emoji to confirm Jimin didn't give him a fake number,

they've been talking. Quite a lot, actually. So much so that Jungkook can't really remember when he'd last talked to anyone this much, especially somebody who isn't already in his friend circle.

They talk about anything and everything. Jimin texts like an old man even though he's not that much older than Jungkook and sometimes he forgets to reply but he always texts him good morning and good night. It's become somewhat of a routine. He doesn't know how they've gotten to this point but he doesn't mind, either.

Jimin is fun to talk to. He's different. Different from the omegas Jungkook has been with, different from anyone he's talked to. He likes listening to what Jimin has to say, even though they have vastly different experiences.

Jungkook is a frat boy who has tattoos and goes to the gym religiously and loves playing video games and sports and smoking weed with his friends. Jimin is a retired dancer — which, *woah* — with a three year old son and he loves dressing up and sleeping in and watching romance movies. His favorite season is winter, he loves snow and he's, despite his rough exterior — by that Jungkook means his attitude —, very fucking cute.

And when Jungkook says they text a lot, he means it. He's even texting Jimin now, even though Mingyu's chilling in his room and doing an assignment. An essay or something, Jungkook doesn't know or care, he's more-so focused on his phone.

17:43 PM

me:

me: this is so us

Jimin (milf): What

Jimin (milf): What does that mean

Jimin (milf): Is this some anime shit again?

Jungkook laughs at that, a breathless snort escaping him because he knew exactly what Jimin's reaction would be. He doesn't exactly get the point of shitposting or even memes for that matter and the alpha just loves confusing him even further by sending him pictures like that.

It's fun to see him scramble when Jungkook won't tell him what it means and Jimin can't figure it out for the life of him.

He's typing out a response when he feels Mingyu's eyes shift to him in suspicion, before hooking his head over Jungkook's shoulder and looking at his phone. Jungkook quickly exits out of their conversation, switching to his and Namjoon's fast enough before Mingyu can notice. He really should change Jimin's contact name to something less obvious.

"Who are you texting?" Mingyu says, raising his eyebrows as he notices the way Jungkook's turned a little red in the ears.

"No one." he says, exiting the chat and opening Instagram to scroll through his feed.

"Oh you're so lying, asshole," Mingyu accuses, trying to pry Jungkook's phone out of his hands. Jungkook manages to fight him off, grunting as he pushes the other alpha, almost having him fall off Jungkook's bed and definitely messing up his sheets. He'd just changed those. Lovely. Mingyu gets up quick enough, getting back to his spot next to Jungkook before speaking again. "Come on, tell me! You've been acting so weird lately."

"Weird in what way? I'm normal." Jungkook says, hand coming to scratch at his scalp because he knows he has been acting weird. Jimin is making him *weird.* It's his fault.

"Well, for one, you haven't hooked up with anyone for like *months,* you barely go to the parties anymore, you're at the gym 24/7 and if you're not then you're cooped up in here, giggling at your phone like a schoolgirl."

Jungkook realistically knows what Mingyu is saying is true. But it's not that weird, not in the slightest. He hasn't hooked up with anyone because there hasn't been anyone that's got his attention right now.

He doesn't really feel like fucking either, when he still has the image of Jimin grinding his pussy against his fingers fresh in his mind. He thinks about that, then thinks about how wet and tight Jimin must be inside, how hot and soft it must be, how well he'd take Jungkook's cock, his knot too, though that would take some work… and, well, that's enough for him to pop a knot and get off with a fleshlight.

As for not going to parties, his friends haven't been going either. Which makes sense, Taehyung and Seokjin have had a bit of a rough patch with the whole *thing,* though Taehyung wasn't pregnant, Namjoon and Yoongi are basically just old men trapped in young bodies and Hoseok is busy with his dance crew.

It's not like he has anyone else to go with either, only Mingyu, but that's no fun when the other just goes and fucks some random omega after thirty minutes. So he just goes to the gym instead, takes thirst traps to post on his story and lifts more weights than he probably should.

Plus, his alpha is way more content just to talk to Jimin, though they haven't seen each other in a few weeks now. It's weird to say the least. Jimin is a married man, but not mated, his alpha doesn't fail to notice, and yet he's so stuck on him. He doesn't like him, Jungkook doesn't think so, because he doesn't do relationships and Jimin isn't going to change that, especially when their relationship is downright impossible.

He does like him, though. He likes talking to him. The fact that he also has a burning desire to fuck him is a whole other thing. The fact that he's also Mingyu's step-mom is a whole other other thing. But he's only been married to his dad for three years, so…

"Maybe I'm just over it," Jungkook says, shrugging. Mingyu furrows his brows.

"It's just a little unlike you. Are you dating someone? Is that it? You can tell me, y'know. We're supposed to be best friends. Or something."

Jungkook can't exactly tell him. He could but also he doesn't know how Jimin would react either. He'd rather just keep his mouth shut and keep the two people he enjoys spending time with close to him.

Jungkook sighs, deciding a half truth won't hurt the situation. "Yes, I'm talking to someone. He's an omega. We're not dating and we haven't hooked up, but I guess you can say we're friends. That's all there is to it."

"*Ohhhhhhh,*" Mingyu says, grinning as he wolf-whistles at Jungkook. "How pretty is he for you to stick around this long? You *so* wanna fuck him. I can see it in your eyes."

Jungkook doesn't know why but he frowns a little at the way Mingyu is phrasing it. It's not like Jimin is a conquest for him.

He's not sticking around just so he can fuck him. Well, he was at first, but now it's different. They barely even talk about sex when they text. The alpha doesn't find it fair to bring it up when Jimin obviously still feels some sort of guilt at the fact that they'd kissed and Jungkook had touched him.

He can't really be mad when he does want to fuck the omega. He does. So much. It's all he ever thinks about when he's horny. Just Jimin. Porn doesn't even work for him unless you can't see the omega's face and their ass looks at least vaguely as fat as Jimin's. All he has to work with is his imagination. And that *sucks* because his sex drive has always been high and he's never felt unable to fuck someone because he's just not feeling it. He's always felt it before.

"I do wanna fuck him, but he doesn't want to." Jungkook admits, as it's true.

He doesn't think Jimin is talking to him for sexual purposes. Jungkook thinks he might just need a friend. He's terribly lonely, from what Jungkook has gathered. His husband is barely at home, so he's alone with the baby with nothing to do all day. Plus, taking care of a pup can't be easy.

"Which I get. He's older than me and more mature, and I doubt he's thinking about that stuff. I'm fine with just keeping him company." The alpha finishes off.

"Right…" Mingyu says, not sounding entirely convinced. He returns to his laptop where he'd left it on the bed when they'd started play-fighting and turns it back on. "Well, that's nice of you."

Mingyu keeps talking, Jungkook humming to let him know he's still listening but in reality going back to reply to Jimin's messages.

"Dude, you remember how I talked to you about my dad a couple months ago?" Mingyu asks, Jungkook's ears perking up at the mention of Jimin's husband though he tries not to make it

obvious, nodding along. “Well, he’s been even more of an asshole to his omega lately. Like, I don’t know. He’s never at home. They’ve got a fucking pup and I’m sure I’ve seen him more than he has seen his own child.”

Jungkook holds back a growl at that. It makes him really fucking sad to hear that. Omegas are sensitive. Especially after having a pup. How could he act like that? That’s his own flesh and blood. Well, to be fair, Mingyu is his own son as well, but he’s never treated him like one either, unless he needs him for something. It’s fucked up. Jungkook so badly wishes that man would drop dead or something. For both Mingyu’s sake and Jimin’s.

“Maybe it’s because he can’t take it out on you anymore, so he’s taking it out on him.” Jungkook says, though it pains him to think that. He and Jimin might not be the closest of friends, but you know. He’s still an omega and he’s got a baby pup and that would make any normal alpha feel some sort of protective. Jungkook is no different.

“I guess,” Mingyu says, sighing as he looks up at the ceiling and stopping his typing. “I just feel really bad. I wish Jimin would divorce him or something. It’s not worth it, genuinely. He treats him like shit. There’s not much I can do either. I visit when I can but I can’t really be of comfort to him. Just sucks.”

“…Yeah,” Jungkook says, intaking a deep breath.

The conversation slowly fizzles out as both the alphas focus on other things.

He feels really, really upset at what Mingyu just told him. He grew up in a healthy family, with a mom and a dad who genuinely loved each other so much that it disgusted and embarrassed both him and his brother at times. But he wouldn’t change that for the world. They’re still in love, twenty-something years later, and Jungkook finds that pretty cool.

So he can’t imagine his dad acting this way towards his mom. He’d be just as mad as Mingyu, if not worse. Jimin isn’t Mingyu’s actual mom, though, so it makes sense that he doesn’t care as much.

The alpha opens up his and Jimin’s chat once again, this time with a new idea in mind.

18:12 PM

me: do u feel like going out with me somewhere this weekend?

me: we can go get dinner or go to the movies

me: 🔞 NO SEX 🔞 i promise. just an innocent friendly outing!

Jimin (milf): Ah… I wish I could but I kinda don't have anyone to watch the pup

Jimin (milf): I'm all alone at home and I don't really like leaving him with the maids

Jimin (milf): Sorry. I know that's like very boring and reminds you of how old I actually am but it's my life

me: that's not true

me: u say it like ur sixty

me: u just have an actual adult life which is fine and i get it

me: some other time then?

Jimin (milf): You could come over to my house

Jimin (milf): Like I said I'm alone and I can put him to bed early. It won't be as fun but we can eat dinner and watch Netflix or something

me: u don't mind if he sees me?

Jimin (milf): No. You act like you're about his age anyway so it'd be no different than a playdate with his kindergarten friends

me: i should be offended but somehow i'm not

Jimin (milf): Would Sunday be okay? I'll send you the address

Jimin (milf): If you want me to cook something specific, you can tell me

me: nah, we can cook together. it'll be fun

me: does ur pup like eating anything in particular? we could make something he likes so that way u don't have to cook tmrw

me: after i tire u out, ofc 😛

Jimin (milf): You said no sex idiot

me: are u immune to my humor or do u do this on purpose

Jimin (milf): I purposefully ignore it because it's childish

Jimin (milf): Sunday it is then ☺

me: can't wait baby

♥

Jungkook is so very nervous. He doesn't know why. It's not like *he's* nervous per se, but his alpha sure is. He's bouncing up and down in his chest, pacing, making anxiety build up in his chest and threaten to spill over. He's never experienced his alpha being like this. He's usually chill. They're always cool with each other, always on the same page, hardly ever in disagreement about their emotions like this.

Despite it, he'd put in some form of effort in the way he looked today. Just a white t-shirt with some grey sweatpants that fit him quite nicely and his Nike Panda Dunks. It's not that special, Jimin had said to dress comfy because they're just gonna be at his house and it's not like Jungkook has anyone to impress. Nothing is going to happen either way, the alpha has erased that from his mind.

Even if he hasn't fucked anyone in ages and has lost most of his old habits, a complete switch to a couple months ago, he's not that upset with the fact, oddly. He wants to, he *does,* but it seems like there aren't any pretty omegas around or if there are they sure aren't interested in Jungkook. God, he really should. He has been a little pent up, more aggressive and easily irritable lately. Maybe it's just stress but still. He should fuck that out of his system.

The frat's throwing a party next weekend so he might as well go. He'll make Hoseok and Mingyu go with him, that should be fine.

He whistles low in his throat as he gathers his things, grabbing his phone and his helmet from his bed and fetching his keys from the top of his dresser. Jimin is definitely going to hate this, but Jungkook is the proud owner of a Harley-Davidson. It's his most prized possession, his *baby,* even though his parents had thrown a fit when he first got it, saying that he was going to get himself killed.

But hey, it hasn't happened yet, so clearly they were wrong.

Jimin would definitely hate to have that thing in the driveway of his pristinely-white mansion in the suburbs. Oh well. Jungkook personally loves his baby. He thinks she belongs in a museum, if we're

being honest.

He leaves his room, opening the door only to be faced with Namjoon right in front of him. He wasn't expecting to be faced with the other alpha's face right as he left his room. He snorts a little at the bewildered look the older has as he looks Jungkook up and down.

"And where are you going, JK?" Namjoon says, moving out of his way so the alpha can pass through. He drags the Jaaaay-Kay out annoyingly, loud and childish.

"I'm going to see someone," Jungkook says, a smile on his face as he remains ever so ominous. He moves towards the stairs, climbing down as Namjoon follows not too far behind him.

His alpha is still nervous, very much so, though Jungkook is ignoring him by now.

However, Namjoon is wise and the alpha always gives good advice. He's easier to talk to than to Seokjin who perpetually teases him or to Yoongi who could not give less of a damn about Jungkook's troubles. He very much has a lot of disdain for the way Jungkook treats omegas, but *hey.* He's not doing anything wrong. Yoongi's just sensitive because 'they're people with feelings too, Jungkook, not sex toys' and blah blah.

Not like he's ever treated anyone like that either way, so he doesn't know what the Yoongi's point is.

He almost opens his mouth to ask the older for some advice on how to keep his alpha in check because he's been an absolute nuisance these days, but Namjoon starts speaking before he can.

"I'll come with you then. I'm going to Yoongi's place," Namjoon says, releasing a deep groan, his deep pine turning a little spicy in the air before he speaks again. "Here's to hoping he's *finally* gonna let me fuck him again. 'Been gatekeeping his pussy for a week all because I talked to some girl after class."

Jungkook snorts, imitating a whip sound with his mouth as the other alpha faces him with a deadpan look. They make it to the entryway of the frat house before walking over to the parking lot. Namjoon has his own car and that's always been helpful when they go on their little friend group field trips.

“You’ll get some pussy tonight, hyung. Fighting!” He says, imitating the way those idols on TV always say it, all cutesy and very much disgusting to his friend who rolls his eyes at him.

“You wouldn’t know, but when you love each other, *fuuuuuck,* it’s so much better, I swear,” Namjoon says, throwing his head back as he seems to reminisce. “It’s ‘cause, like, I know everything about him, and I know how to make us both feel so good, and then just the fact that it’s *him,* my omega—”

Jungkook does not need to know all that. He stops the alpha by loudly starting to ‘lalalalalala’ in his ear. Namjoon stops, looking very shocked by Jungkook’s childishness for only a moment before he looks down at the floor, shaking his head and laughing.

“I have no doubts that it’s good. I’m just not made for relationships, Joon.”

Namjoon shakes his head. “That’s not true. You can’t possibly know that,” the alpha takes his keys out of his pocket before pointing them at a deep blue Kia before them, the lights blinking as it unlocks. “I believe you’re gonna find just the omega for you. One that keeps you on your toes and keeps your libido in check. You’re a good guy, Jungkookie. Don’t sell yourself short.”

There’s no omega that’s ever been up to par to his standards except one. He’s pretty, with a fat ass and blonde hair and perfectly shaped hips and the smoothest skin and the prettiest, softest scent—but that omega is also unfortunately married. That omega also has a child and is vaguely related to his best friend. Jimin wouldn’t leave his stable life for a frat boy, of all things, not that Jungkook would ever think that far either.

He acknowledges the fact that Jimin makes his days more interesting, yes, and also the fact that he’s funny, can hold his own against Jungkook which is something he really likes, likes the fact that he’s not afraid to speak up or call Jungkook out when he says something the omega doesn’t like. He knows they’re a good match platonically, he’s not stupid.

Jungkook despises being friends with the people he wants to fuck, but Jimin and him aren’t going to last. They’re not made for that. Way too different, way too many things in the way. Jimin is just going through a tough time and Jungkook is doing his good deed of the year, helping a kind omega work through his problems.

Nothing more, nothing less.

He can't help the words that slip out of his mouth, however, bursting at the seams to tell someone. "I'm talking to someone, sorta. And we haven't even had sex," he adds because it's important. He's used to barely knowing the omegas he sleeps with. Now, however, he knows Jimin. "But it's just— I don't know. I don't think he wants to be with me. And I'm not sure I'd want that, either. He's got a lot of… baggage."

Baggage being his husband and his pup, he adds dryly in his mind. The less Namjoon knows the better. The other alpha is silent for a moment. He bites his lip, furrowing his brows as he thinks hard.

"This about the blondie from that party?" Namjoon asks, and he's always so perceptive about things like this. Jungkook wishes he was like that as he can be terribly dense sometimes. He nods in confirmation slowly, though this is the first time he's uttered that thought out loud. "If you still don't want a relationship, then… he's definitely not the one. You'd go through heaven and hell for the one, trust me."

"Yeah." Jungkook nods because, yes, the alpha is right. He's never felt that way about anyone and Jimin isn't going to change that, no matter how pretty and compatible, as unfortunate as that might be and as sad as that makes his own alpha. Well, his alpha's always been a little bit of a hopeless romantic at heart. Jungkook has not. He doesn't care for love.

They say bye to each other by Namjoon's car before Jungkook turns around, walking for a few beats until he reaches his motorcycle, putting his helmet on before he sits down, turning the keys in the ignition and starting the engine. He drives off the parking lot then, the ride doing a lot to clear his mind.

He's Jeon fucking Jungkook. He doesn't do omegas for reasons other than sex. He doesn't. Jimin is a *friend,* which is different. Jungkook may want to eat his pussy a lot of the time but you know, whatever. He's just fucking horny. He always is. It's no secret. He doesn't have these thoughts about Taehyung or Yoongi, even though they're *also* omega friends, but they're just different.

The Seoul landscape is beautiful as it passes him by in a whirlwind, the fresh air doing wonders to calm even his agitated alpha, woodsy and fresh in his nose. He never tires of this. He always goes on rides like these when he's having a rough time.

Unfortunately, Jimin's address is fresh in his mind and it's not far as he makes it there pretty quickly, maybe taking him a mere ten minutes, even with all the traffic.

He's only been to this area of the city once or twice before, all suburbs and huge family houses and neat gardens and pups playing around. Jungkook gets a few looks as he drives by, from moms walking their pups in strollers. It's already turning dark out, however, as it's 8 PM, and the alpha is thankful for that. He feels like he's being judged, goddamn. Way to make him feel like he doesn't belong even more.

Of course he doesn't, he's an immature horny alpha with a one track mind. This is a place for families, not him.

Jungkook reaches Jimin's house with little trouble, the house being a little more hidden away and in a cul de sac. It's gorgeous, he must admit, beautiful white bricks and matching paneling, tall windows and a neat and tidy garden with flowers and all the pretty things.

It's not as huge as he remembers it to be, but still very fucking huge for three slash four people, though it matches the sizes of the rest of the houses on the street. There's no car in the driveway as Jungkook parks his bike, but there is a garage.

Well, not like he was expecting Mingyu's dad to be home. It would be quite awkward to explain why twenty-year-old Jeon Jungkook, best friends with his son since their last year of high school, is here and hanging out with his very married onega.

He walks up the stairs leading to the patio in front of the front door. It's empty, save for a few wind chimes that softly sway with the wind. Jungkook snorts. Jimin really likes pretty things, so this makes sense. He notices the doorbell next to the door, ringing as he runs a hand through his hair, his hands in his pockets. He can hear some commotion behind the door, like somebody coming down the stairs, before the door opens.

The door opens to reveal a slightly disheveled Jimin, a version he's definitely never seen before, blonde hair in disarray and his clothes wrinkled and messy with what's probably baby food. His alpha grunts deep in his chest, like even this version of Jimin gets him going. He has to remind him that Jimin is not taking care of *his* pup, but some other alpha's, which only gets a growl in response.

He has to admit, even like this, Jimin is gorgeous. They both sheepishly look at each other, Jimin looking down in embarrassment because, yeah, he'd always been very put together whenever Jungkook had seen him. And yet, Jungkook doesn't mind. He doesn't.

He still thinks Jimin is the most beautiful omega he's ever seen, and some messy clothes wouldn't change that. If anything, it shows that Jimin is human, too.

The omega's cheeks are rosy as he lets out a tired breath before speaking, leaning on the doorframe. "Hey. Sorry for— for all of this. He's just been crying all day and I didn't really have time—"

Jungkook knows nothing about pups. Nothing. All he knows is that his alpha is desperate to have them, but aren't all alphas like that? It's a biological need that Jungkook doesn't pay much attention to, something he, as a person, is definitely not ready for. He can barely take care of himself, let alone think about even babysitting a pup. His brother is older and he doesn't have any nephews, so he's barely been in the presence of one.

"You don't have to keep saying sorry," Jungkook frowns, furrowing his brows. The omega says sorry a lot. It's annoying, quite honestly. Why would he need to apologize to Jungkook, of all people? They're friends. He tells him as much. "I told you I get it. And you don't have to get all dressed up for me. You're pretty like this."

"Ah, thank you," Jimin says, his ears flushing pink, a dead giveaway that the comment made him blush. His eyes only then make way to the helmet Jungkook's holding in his hand. His eyes widen. "You have a bike?" The omega questions and Jungkook nods. "*Holy shit,* the stares you must have gotten driving with that thing through here."

"Yup," Jungkook confirms, popping the P as he does. "Very uncomfortable to say the least. But hey, at least this place's population is 80% MILFS. One of them's gotta be single and want to fuck a frat boy, right?"

He means it as a joke, very much so, just to break the ice between them and get Jimin less focused on how he's dressed and what he looks like and more focused on the fact that Jungkook doesn't care about that. He's just an alpha, after all. Even if he was here to fuck Jimin, which he isn't, he reminds himself, he'd still fucking do it even if the omega was wearing his worst outfit. He wouldn't do that with every omega, but Jimin is perfection on earth.

He’s pretty sure most alphas would go to the ends of the earth to get inside that pussy. He is most alphas.

Even if he does mean it as a joke, Jimin doesn’t look like he finds it the slightest bit funny. Undoubtedly a skill issue, as Jungkook knows he’s hilarious.

“Your obsession with that term must be studied,” Jimin says, sighing deeply like he’s already regretting having Jungkook over. “You call me MILF one time today and I’m sending you home immediately.” He warns, waving his finger at him, though his expression mostly reminds Jungkook of an angry kitty. Cute.

“Got it, boss.” Jungkook nods, smiling with his teeth on show, and Jimin is just about to move away from the entryway and let Jungkook inside the house when there’s a little voice making itself known behind him.

“Mommy… I wanna stay up, pwease,” the little pup says, appearing behind Jimin, a tiny hand holding onto his leg. Jimin turns around with his face looking torn between being stern and just letting the pup do what he wants, even if it puts a damper on their night. The pup spreads his arms towards Jimin. “Uppy, please.” He says, making sure that he pronounces the word correctly this time.

Jungkook can’t help but notice how much this pup looks like Jimin. He’s got his cute chubby cheeks, pouty lips, even the nose. The only thing that isn’t Jimin’s are the eyes, huge and taking up most of his face, but even then he looks so much like a mini Jimin with his dark brown hair sticking up in all sorts of directions.

He’s wearing the cutest little teddy bear onesie, with the ears and all, fuzzy and pink. He’s so fucking cute. Jungkook is getting cuteness aggression, he swears.

Jimin picks him up, balancing him on his hip as the pup looks at Jungkook with the corner of his eye, leaning on Jimin’s chest and hiding away in the omega’s neck when Jungkook throws a shy smile his way. Jimin places a soft kiss on his hair, inhaling that sweet baby pup scent, milky and soft, that the pup must still have.

“Baby, you promised you were gonna be a big boy tonight, hm? Isn’t mommy allowed to have friends too?” Jimin questions, tone soft and not reprimanding at all.

“But I’ll be good, mommy. I’m not sleepy at all!” He shakes his head fervently, his tone getting louder and more excited as he visibly notices that he’s wearing Jimin down. “Me and ahjussi can c-cook an’, and then we can watch my show!”

Now that gets Jungkook frowning. Ahjussi?! Him?! He’s twenty. If anything, Jimin is the ahjussi here! He even has a baby face for his age, so this kid must be making this shit up.

“Hey, I’m with you on this, pup, but if anything, your mom’s the ahjussi here, not me.” The alpha pipes up, shrugging as he does and then sees the offended expression Jimin makes, squinting his eyes like he’s considering shutting the door in Jungkook’s face.

Instead, the omega lets him in, moving away from the doorway with pup in tow, letting Jungkook take his shoes off and offering him a pair of slippers that oddly enough fit him well.

“Mommy’s not old! Mommy’s pretty a-and nice, so you should be nice to him,” the pup mutters under his breath, his face taking on that same scowling expression Jimin always has on his face when he sees him.

He’s so damn cute, and Jungkook isn’t even a big fan of kids. He’s well articulated too, seems smart for his age. Jimin seems to be doing a good job, considering he’s also doing it all alone.

Jimin kisses his chubby cheek, making the pup giggle. “Jungkook, this is Jaehyun, who has vehemently decided he will not be sleeping tonight. If you were wondering, the show he wants us to watch is Frozen. So, there’s that.” Jimin says, his tone very flat as he does.

“It’s nice to meet you, Jaehyun. I’m Jungkook. All of our names start with a J, isn’t that cool?” Jungkook says, trying to make the pup less shy with him.

He doesn’t know what he’s doing. How does one even talk to a three year old? He wasn’t planning on spending his night like this. But he can’t exactly say that to Jimin, either. It’s not like he minds the pup, but it’s more complicated that way.

Jungkook would rather he doesn't get too entangled up into Jimin's business, especially when he knows they have a date of expiration as soon as the omega's husband returns.

Jaehyun looks like he wants to smile at Jungkook, but he shyly hides in his mother's chest at the comment instead, making Jimin laugh breathlessly at him. The alpha feels a little awkward, he can't lie. It's like he's intruding. He doesn't know what to do with a child. And plus, he was kind of hoping he'd be alone with Jimin.

"I'm gonna try and put him to sleep and then I'll be right back. You make yourself comfortable." Jimin says, already moving to go up the stairs.

Jaehyun looks really sad at that, pouting and teary eyed and he's just a baby and it's probably not often that they have company over and— Jungkook can't— he shouldn't say it because he shouldn't, but—

"If he wants to stay with us he obviously can," Jungkook blurts out before he can stop it. It's mostly his alpha instincts speaking for him because the pup is cute and he's *small* and Jimin's and there's no reason he has to be all alone while they're downstairs. They're not doing anything that special anyway. Jimin looks surprised at that, mouth already open in what's probably an apology.

Jungkook just continues on, "I mean, if you're comfortable with it, I don't mind. He can help with cooking and I don't mind watching Frozen." Jungkook admits and Jaehyun's reaction makes it worth it, a bewildered smile appearing on the pup's face as he takes in what the alpha has just said.

"Yes, yes!" Jaehyun exclaims, clapping his little hands in the omega's arms before he turns to him with puppy eyes. "Please, mommy. I'll help! I will! Me and Kookie cook and you help!"

He's never been referred to as Kookie in his entire life but he can't help but find it cute, seeing as how 'Jungkook' is probably a little difficult for the pup to say, no matter how articulate he is for a three year old. Jimin looks at both of them with a deadpan look like he can't believe they're both ganging up on him, Jungkook just shrugging at him with a somewhat sheepish smile, hoping he hasn't crossed a boundary by saying that. Jimin sighs.

"Alright," Jimin says and Jaehyun's squeals ring loud in the air, making the omega wince as their trajectory is right next to his ear. He sets the pup down onto the floor, ruffling his hair a bit before he whines and moves away from the assault on his fluffy locks.

He makes eye contact with Jungkook then, not commenting on the somewhat fond smile the alpha has on his face. “I just really have to go shower and change. I’ll be quick, I promise.”

“No, that’s perfectly fine,” Jungkook reassures, nodding his head. Jaehyun runs somewhere in the direction of what must be the living room, leaving them alone.

The alpha then realizes Jimin can’t exactly take the pup with him and that means he’s going to have to stay with him. Which freaks him the fuck out. “Wait, you mean I have to watch *him?* Jimin, I cannot look after a living breathing human. Have you forgotten everything that I am?”

Jimin rolls his eyes. “Don’t be so dramatic, idiot. It’ll take me ten minutes tops.” The omega pats him on the shoulder, getting closer into his space when he says it.

His breath hitches when he notices how close this makes them, the omega peering up at him, reaching just up to his shoulder, so close Jungkook is almost aching to wrap his arms around his tiny waist, bend him over and fuck him over the kitchen counter. He’s going crazy. He must be because just smelling the vanilla and milk tones in Jimin’s scent makes him want to strip him down and mount him right there and then. Even if it’s so utterly inappropriate.

It’s not his fault, it can’t be. The omega must be doing it on purpose, his hand lingering on the alpha’s shoulder for what’s definitely longer than appropriate, the squeeze making his muscles flex under Jimin’s soft hands.

It lasts a mere moment, Jungkook knows, Jimin letting go as soon as he realizes it’s been going on for longer than a friendly touch, but it’s enough for his alpha to let out a little growl in his chest. Jungkook wills it to behave, at least while the baby is still here.

“Just make sure he doesn’t hurt himself and you’ll be fine. He’s a good boy, he won’t cause you any trouble. I wouldn’t be leaving him here if I thought something would happen to him. I trust you.” Jimin admits, nodding his head slowly and making Jungkook nod back, like they’re in a silent agreement over this.

It feels good to hear the omega say that he trusts him. He doesn’t know why, but it does. It’s only a few minutes anyway, like Jimin said, and he can do that. He’s not that incapable.

He lets Jimin go up the stairs as he walks in the direction he saw Jaehyun run off to and finds him in the corner of the living room where all his toys are. They're spread out, Legos and Barbies and horses and cars all over his corner. There's a fuzzy rug underneath him, probably so he doesn't catch a cold from sitting on the floor, so utterly different from the rest of the room which is nice and cohesive, but it's clinical.

He's been to Mingyu's house a couple of times, though that was a few years ago, before Jimin happened, back when they were still in high school so he remembers what the whole house looks like vaguely. It's all the same really, neat and tidy but emotionless. Very much not a family home, not a *home* at all, just a house.

But there's little things sprinkled around, here and there, some framed pictures on the walls of Jaehyun, one from Mingyu's graduation that definitely wasn't there before, a pink comforter and some pink pillows on the sofa, and of course all of the pup's toys and little tidbits he's got sprinkled around everywhere. It makes it feel more homey, like a family actually lives here. Definitely not as sad and beige as it was when Mingyu and his parents lived here.

Jungkook's not sure what to do, awkwardly standing in the doorway as he looks at Jaehyun playing with his toys. The pup barely pays him any mind, too immersed in rearranging his blocks. He purses his lips in annoyance when one of the blocks won't fit over the other, the same quirk Jimin has basically anytime Jungkook speaks.

"Ahjussi can come sit and play with me," Jaehyun murmurs, turning towards the alpha whose mouth opens in surprise, not expecting to be addressed, even if it was by that god awful title. He walks over silently, sitting criss-cross next to Jaehyun on the floor.

The pup offers him a Barbie and he takes it in his hand, though he's not sure what he's supposed to do with it. He just holds it awkwardly until Jaehyun sighs petulantly and takes it from his hand, placing it away from his Legos.

"I don't really know how to play," The alpha says with honesty in his voice. Jaehyun looks at him like he's not sure how that's possible. Jungkook smiles just a teeny bit at his expression, the pup is cute, he must admit. "You'll have to teach me. I'm a quick learner."

"Okay," Jaehyun nods, expression suddenly turning very focused. "Are you an alpha, ahjussi?"

Jungkook is a little surprised at the question, even more-so at the fact that the pup knows what an alpha is. Nonetheless, he still answers, nodding. “Yeah, I am. Why?”

“Alphas are strong, wight— r-right?” Jaehyun says, stuttering a little as he does but managing well enough. Jungkook really is surprised at how smart this kid is. Are all three year olds this bright? It might just be because Jimin is his mom. “Mommy says he thinks I’m an alpha.”

Jungkook can see why Jimin thinks that. Usually, pups have some semblance of a scent until they present, reminiscent of their sub-gender. Jaehyun smells a little of alpha, very unpresented and still tiny, but alpha nonetheless.

“He says that?” Jungkook asks and Jaehyun nods fervently, his mouth slightly open and his two bunny teeth in the front peeking out. Looks like they have that in common. “It’s cool to be an alpha, but you can be strong no matter what you present as. Your mommy’s super strong and he’s an omega. Don’t worry about it.”

“I wanna be an alpha,” Jaehyun says, frowning as his scent turns a little sour, milk spoiling in the air. It gets Jungkook feeling some kind of distressed too, hoping he hasn’t said something wrong. He told Jimin he didn’t know what he was doing. “Because then I can protect mommy. From e— evree— everything.” The pup stops for a moment, thinking it over before turning to Jungkook with his big eyes. “Will you reach me? H-how you can be an alpha?”

And that just makes Jungkook feel weird. He doesn’t know why but he just has this visceral need to help this kid out. He knows Jimin’s husband sucks, but fuck, this is a goddamn pup. How can you not care for a baby pup?

He’s barely twenty and his paternal instincts are acting up just seeing how well-behaved and smart this little boy is even without his dad present. It’s not right. It’s not right that Jimin has to do this all alone when they’re married.

Jaehyun’s a tiny thing and Jungkook can’t fathom how somebody wouldn’t want this. Not if you’re a decent alpha. He’s got a perfect omega, the cutest fucking pup that he made with that same omega and yet… Jungkook wishes he could just sock him in the face. He wishes he could fucking *kill* the man. He’s absolute scum.

The alpha hopes his way of thinking is wrong. He hopes he has this all wrong so he tries once more. “I don’t know, Jaehyun. That’s something your dad teaches you, you know? Me and your

mommy are just friends. And I'm a lot younger than your mom, too, so I'm still figuring things out. I'm not a great alpha either."

Jaehyun pouts at that. He fiddles with a loose thread on his onesie before his eyes somehow land on Jungkook's arm, more specifically the tattooed one. He gasps as if he's just noticed that one of his arms is more ink than skin. Jungkook chuckles when he sees him reach out shyly, his hand hovering over Jungkook's forearm.

"You can touch it if you want to. It's just like a drawing. Still feels smooth."

Jaehyun gasps before he giggles when he gets close enough to run his fingers over Jungkook's birth flower tattoo. "Ahjussi, that's so cool! It's— it's— so *cool!* You made your arm look so cool!"

Jungkook almost wants to ruffle his hair at the comment but he stops himself. An idea comes to mind so he voices it. "You can color them, if you want. Some of them are just black. If you have markers, I'll be your personal coloring book."

"I do, I do!" Jaehyun exclaims, getting up from his spot and running over to the entryway of the living room, but he doesn't make it far as he crashes into Jimin's legs in the midst of his excitement. The omega picks him up, still a little wet from his shower, making the pup flinch away with disgust as the water comes into contact with his skin.

It's a sight to see, certainly.

There's a healthy rosy flush to Jimin's face, probably from the hot water and he's wearing a baggy, striped, dusty-pink pajama top with matching shorts. They're very short, only reaching down to the tops of his thighs. His skin looks so smooth. He looks so fucking good, god. Jungkook doesn't know why but the first thing he thinks about is what color panties Jimin is wearing under there. He's a pervert. He's awful.

There is a child present. Control your dick, Jeon Jungkook. You were the one who said no sex, so. No. Fucking. Sex.

"No coloring anything," Jimin reprimands, making Jaehyun whine in his arms, lower lip wobbling as the pup tries to make a deal with his mom. The omega still shakes his head as Jungkook gets up,

following them both into the kitchen. “We need to eat. We’re making jajangmyeon, baby. You don’t wanna miss it.” Jimin says before adding, “And stop calling him ahjussi, Jae. He’s your age mentally anyway. You can say Jungkook, I know you can.”

Jungkook rolls his eyes at the snippy comment, ignoring it because he’s used to Jimin by now. He thinks he’s much more mature than Jimin gives him credit for, thank you very much. He just babysat this pup for fifteen minutes all on his own and nobody got hurt, so. He’s clearly very mature.

“I can! I said Kookie!” Jaehyun says, looking at Jungkook as Jimin places him on the island in the center of the kitchen, like he’s counting on the alpha for support. He nods at him and Jaehyun smiles wide, showing his teeth before turning back to his mom. “He agrees. We color his art together next time, okay mommy?”

Jungkook snorts and Jimin shoots him *the* look again. He doesn’t mind at all, not really. Markers wash off and usually he doesn’t get such a positive reaction to his tattoos. Most adults don’t like it, grumbling at even the sight of them but kids are always much kinder.

“Already planning a next time, huh?” Jimin questions before tickling Jaehyun’s sides, making the pup squirm and let out high-pitched giggles as he tries to escape. “Who says you’re invited? *Huh?* Gonna give your poor mom wrinkles again by crying all day until I give in?”

“N-no, mommy, *stoooop!*” Jaehyun squeals out, eyes turning to Jungkook, pleading for help. “Kookie, help! Help! Mommy’s crazy!”

Jungkook chuckles, moving in for a sneak attack, standing behind Jimin as his fingers lightly tap against the omega’s sides. It gets Jimin distracted enough that he lets go of his pup, squirming away from Jungkook as the touch turns ticklish. He grips a little harder, hands digging into the omega’s waist as he tries to move away from Jungkook’s grip but Jungkook doesn’t let him, fitting himself close until Jimin gives in, his uncontrollable giggles ringing high in the air.

Jaehyun laughs and points at them, calling for revenge and it makes Jungkook laugh harder, too, stopping only when Jimin starts getting out of breath from all the laughing. It’s silent for a beat, both of them catching their breath.

The position is a little compromising to say the least, chest pressed against Jimin’s back, his crotch just barely touching Jimin’s silk-covered ass, those damn pajama shorts barely covering the curve

of it. He's sure he's the only one who notices because Jimin just makes him deprived and insane with any little touch.

But then, to his surprise, his mouth opening slightly and his breathing turning ragged, he realizes there's hands on his forearms guiding his arms down, over Jimin's stomach, enveloping them around the small of his waist with the guidance.

The omega looks up at him as he does it, leaning on his chest, his gaze laced with *something,* something Jungkook can recognize, and something that Jimin is desperately trying to conceal right now given the situation.

His scent invites Jungkook in so sweetly, vanilla so potent here when Jungkook is this close to his scent gland, almost close enough to swipe his nose over it, to scent him until the omega finally smells like *his.* Like he should have been smelling all this time, his alpha adds.

He so badly wishes he was touching bare skin, so badly wishes they were alone in the room and not in this weird friendship-but-I-still-wanna-fuck-you-so-bad situation, and most of all he wishes he could pull the omega closer, nip and lick at his scent gland until he turns pliant and whiny, desperate for the alpha's kisses and all but begging for— well. Jungkook should definitely stop that train of thought for now.

Jimin bites his bottom lip, plush and soft, his hands stroking along Jungkook's forearms for a mere moment before clearing his throat, clearly understanding they got more than a little carried away, though thankfully Jaehyun doesn't seem to have picked up on the actions or the spicy note their scents have taken to, which Jungkook is glad for. They were being stupidly careless by doing that.

Jimin moves away from him and to the refrigerator, taking out the ingredients for their dinner as he engages the pup with opening the packaging of all the groceries.

Fuck.

This is going to be one *long* night.

♥

The rest of the night is actually very fun. It’s not that Jungkook didn’t think it would be fun, but he’s certainly never gone on a date with an omega and their pup.

They make dinner together, Jaehyun helping with the little things that he can do, Jimin chopping the vegetables and Jungkook making the sauce and the noodles. The pup, at one point, even asks for Jungkook to pick him up so he can drop the noodles into the pot of boiling water. He of course does so, not noticing the way Jimin looks at them both, the omega’s eyes filling up to the brim with unexplainable fondness at seeing Jungkook handle his pup so well.

He didn’t think he’d find himself in the role either. Truthfully, up until today, he had barely spent time with any pups in his life. He wasn’t sure he’d be good at it, he’s not the most careful and pups are scarily small and fragile and that’s terrifying to Jungkook.

He’s not a family guy either, he’s only twenty after all. If anything, he’s what people call a fuck boy, though he guesses that’s not entirely true anymore. He’s changed in the past couple of months and that’s scary.

But Jaehyun is just so sweet and he’s such a good pup that it’s easy to get on with him without much effort. Jimin really is doing an amazing job. His pup is kind and understanding and so very smart for his age.

After setting the table, they sit down to eat, all very hungry, the room smelling deliciously of jajangmyeon. Jungkook loads him up with a big portion, much bigger than his own even though there’s no way the pup can eat that much, before doing the same to Jimin, the omega uttering out a bashful ‘thank you’ at the action, which is completely unnecessary. They both need to eat.

Jaehyun messily slurps at his noodles, his face getting messy as he struggles with his chopsticks. He’s still mastering those, Jungkook can tell, and even though there's a fork next to his plate that Jimin had set out, he still tries to eat as much as he can while using chopsticks. He frowns and whines when the noodles slip out of his grasp but he gets the hang of it after a while, copying what Jimin and Jungkook are doing and eating half of his plate before he announces that he’s finished eating.

He waits for both the adults to finish up eating before he basically bounces off the walls as they move into the living room with popcorn.

Jungkook can't say he's the biggest Frozen fan, but he can't help but smile at how excited Jaehyun seems to be. Jimin looks surprised at it too, like he can't believe the pup is having such a good time that he's laughing and giggling every few minutes, still hyperactive even after filling his tummy with so much food. Jungkook honestly feels like he could go into a food coma right now, he's not sure how Jaehyun had energy for anything except a nap right now.

It seems it was only a short burst of energy because they get through maybe a good fourth of the movie before he feels a weight on his chest. Jaehyun had placed himself in between them when the movie had started, watching intently and smiling every time Olaf came on screen. He'd gotten quieter and quieter these past ten minutes and now Jungkook knows why.

He's not sure Jimin has noticed yet, somehow invested in the movie though he must have seen it at least a thousand times with Jaehyun already.

He can't lie. It feels quite nice. It does. Especially when Jaehyun cuddles into his chest, head turning to the side and burying closer as his hand grips at the alpha's shirt. His alpha puffs his chest out, very pleased with how the pup's already getting more comfortable with them, how Jungkook's scent doesn't seem to bother him, how he even seems to be seeking it out in his sleep. The pup's nose twitches as he nuzzles into Jungkook.

The alpha feels like he could burst from the cuteness of the action.

He's never felt needed like this. Today, he felt needed. He felt like he belonged here.

"Jimin," Jungkook whispers, the omega turning to him as Jungkook points at the pup on his chest. Jimin almost looks like he wants to coo once he sees it. "You should take him up to his room. It's late, I don't wanna wake him up."

Jimin nods, and it's almost hard to pry Jaehyun off of him, both of them having to get up, Jungkook with the pup in his arms as he hands him off to Jimin. Jaehyun lets out a tiny whine at being moved around and jostled while he's asleep, but he continues on sleeping, tucking his head into the omega's scent gland once he recognizes it as his mom. They go up the stairs slowly, leaving Jungkook alone downstairs.

He continues on watching the movie for a few minutes while waiting for Jimin to come down, stretching his muscles, sore after sitting in one position for so long. He hears Jimin waltz back down the stairs then.

“I’ve never seen him fall asleep like that in my life. What kind of alpha voodoo did you do to him?”

Jungkook snorts. “Maybe he just likes me better than you. Have you ever considered that? I am much cooler.”

Jimin faces him with an amused look as he sits back down, this time closer to the alpha now that there isn’t a pup between them. They both lean on an arm as they maintain eye contact, fully turning towards each other on the sofa.

“I’ll admit, you did much better than I thought you would, Jeon Jungkook. You continue to surprise me.” Jimin admits, smiling a little as he does, pearly whites peeking out from plump pink lips. Their legs are almost touching and that’s distracting to Jungkook. Very much so, considering Jimin is practically naked. Okay, not really, but you get the sentiment.

“I had a good time,” Jungkook says, nodding along. It’s definitely not a lie. He hasn’t had this much fun since, well, probably last Christmas when they’d all gone up to Namjoon’s cabin in the woods and spent the holidays there, cooped up and snowed in.

This is, however, the first time he’s had a fun time with an omega whose pussy he’s touched. Jimin would hate him for wording it like that, so, excuse the crudeness. “You’re doing a great job with him, you know. He’s such a good pup. And I’m saying this as someone who isn’t even crazy about kids.”

The smile he gets out of Jimin at that statement must be worth a million dollars. “Thank you,” he says, sighing a little as he rubs his eyes, the vanilla in his scent becoming slightly bitter and Jungkook’s alpha is way too ready to jump at the opportunity to fix it even if Jungkook himself doesn’t know how. “I just wish things were different.”

“I get that,” Jungkook hums. He wishes things were different too. For Jaehyun’s sake, at least. But also for Jimin’s. He’s an amazing mother and an even more amazing omega, Jungkook realizes that now. “You *can* leave him, Jimin. It’s not fair to you or to Jaehyun. Mingyu wouldn’t even blame you, and that says a lot.”

“You’re so sweet,” Jimin says, sounding all too much like it pains him to admit it. Jungkook still confidently smirks at the compliment. “But I have nothing. Nothing to my name. And I don’t… I don’t want Jaehyun to live like that. He deserves a good life.”

The alpha doesn’t know how to respond to that. Jimin only deserves good things, and he so badly wishes he could realize his worth.

They stay in silence for a few minutes before Jungkook’s hand reaches out to the omega, his thumb stroking his cheek. He scoots in closer, so close that he can count Jimin’s eyelashes one by one. So close he can see the little freckles dotting his nose.

They breathe into each other’s space, breaths mingling, lips so close they’re basically already pressing against each other. Their noses touch, the alpha trailing his lips against the smooth expanse of Jimin’s cheek, placing a kiss on the corner of Jimin’s eye. He kisses his ear, then moves lower to his jaw, placing a peck on the edge of it.

“You deserve so much better, baby,” Jungkook says, voice turning deeper and rougher. Jimin lets out a staggered gasp as they move even closer, Jungkook’s words practically being let out on the omega’s lips. “You deserve a good mate. A good alpha. One that would love you,” a kiss on his nose, “Cherish you,” a kiss on his scent gland, “Keep you and your pup safe,” a suck on a pretty spot on his neck, tongue laving on the bruise, “Make sure you were satisfied. Happy. You deserve an alpha that would make you happy, Jimin.”

The air between them turns stifling with the way their scents start to mix, vanilla and sandalwood filling up the entirety of the room, a certain spice obvious to them. Jungkook’s hand makes its way to Jimin’s waist, not going unnoticed by the omega, rubbing at the space where it joins his hip. Jimin looks at him with that particular spark in his eyes, the same one he had in the kitchen and the same one he had that first night, before they were interrupted.

He wants to touch skin. Jimin wants him to touch too, he can sense it in his scent. The alpha slithers his hand underneath the older’s silk pajamas, his breath hitching as they make contact, his tattooed hand on Jimin’s bare honeyed skin.

His touches are light and teasing, barely there and yet getting Jimin breathless even so. He looks at the omega as he asks for permission to lift his top up, getting a small nod before he makes his way down and onto the floor, turning the omega towards him. Jimin almost tries to stop him because what the hell is he doing, but he sits between Jimin’s legs, hands running all over the omega’s stomach.

It's not smooth, not completely, no, marred with stretchmarks that are certainly fading, but still there. Still a testament of how strong Jimin was, how brave, how he'd brought his pup into this world. Jimin squirms a little when Jungkook lightly grazes his fingers over them, eyes closing shut.

Jungkook doesn't understand why. He's perfect. His body's perfect. It's done something special. Even with the little bit of loose skin underneath his navel, it's still perfect. It has Jungkook's alpha growling in his chest, so primally satisfied at seeing how well their omega can carry.

Jimin's eyes open and peer down at him just as the alpha moves in closer, his own eyes focused right on Jimin as he kisses each stretchmark. The omega's breath gets caught on a gasp as he feels Jungkook's tongue run over them, dipping onto the blemished skin and paying special attention to it.

He's gorgeous. He needs Jimin to know how sexy he is. If he was his omega, he'd fuck him every day. Seven days a week. There would be no goddamn breaks. He'd eat his pussy in the morning, in bed, just after they wake up. At lunch, they would make out and grind against one another and he'd put just the tip in Jimin's perfect hole. Then, at night, when they're all alone, Jungkook would knot him for hours, whispering reassurances into his skin.

"I know— *ah*—" a pant, "we said no sex but do you think we could—" Jimin starts, sounding all too out of breath. He's getting wet, Jungkook can tell and he's so glad for that because he's already half fucking hard too.

"Fuck yes, baby. Please. I need to get my mouth on your pussy or I'll die."

Jimin laughs breathlessly at him, hand pinching the bridge of his nose, Jungkook's hand resting on his thigh as he leans his head on his other leg. The omega's hand entangles in his hair. "You're certainly not going to die. You've lived this long without it."

"I have *survived* without it. Doesn't mean it's fun. Come on, lemme eat it. Please. I'll make you come so many times, I swear."

"I'm not stopping you," Jimin says, sighing wistfully. He takes Jungkook's hand from his thigh and puts it on the waistband of his pajama shorts, hooking his fingers underneath it. Jungkook intakes a

breath. “Just, uh, we’ve gotta be quiet. We can go up to my room but he might hear—”

“You wanna go to your room? Would that make you more comfortable?” Jungkook asks seriously. He doesn’t particularly care where it happens.

“No, I—” Jimin says, groaning as his train of thought is interrupted again. He’s probably just as aroused as Jungkook is and that makes it hard to think. Jungkook definitely knows how that feels. “Let’s just. Here. He’s dead asleep and the baby monitor’s in his room so we’ll hear if he gets up.”

“Okay,” Jungkook says, kissing underneath Jimin’s navel one more time before he gets up, arms around Jimin’s head on the backrest of the sofa. He sniffs along Jimin’s neck, nose trailing over his scent gland but not touching, making the omega squirm at the ticklish sensation. “I’ll listen. You just relax, hm? I’ll take care of everything.”

Jimin sighs, nodding fast as Jungkook starts unbuttoning his pajama top, kissing at each sliver of skin as he descends downwards until the top is wide open, the omega’s chest exposed. He’s lithe, small, as is to be expected, but he’s strong, the fact amplified by a pretty tattoo on his ribs. Jungkook can see the muscles rippling on his belly. Must be the yoga classes. He’s such a mom, god, Jungkook realizes that now. Who even takes yoga classes?

Jungkook gently lifts the omega up from leaning on the sofa to take his top off. He throws it somewhere on the floor then, more focused on the fact that Jimin’s whole upper half is exposed. He’s got pretty nipples, of course he does. Perfectly round and perfect for the alpha’s awaiting mouth. He takes one in his mouth, flicking at the other and squeezing at the meat of them. He must have been breastfeeding for quite some time, as there’s still a little swell to them.

The omega moans quietly into his ear at the warmth of Jungkook’s tongue around his nipples, the gentle pressure as the alpha rolls the bud on his tongue. Jimin pushes closer, desperately, making sure Jungkook isn’t going to stop.

He sounds so pretty. He smells so good. He smells ripe again, smells so milky-vanilla that Jungkook can’t wait to taste him.

The alpha’s never been with an omega whose scent makes him go crazy like this. He’s had some partners whose scents he’s liked, who weren’t hard on his nose and were soft and pretty. But Jimin’s just takes the cake. It’s so sweet, like a drug, pulling him in and wanting to do anything to keep that even sweeter lilt to his scent.

Jungkook is listening in for Jaehyun, he wasn't lying about that. They're being a little careless doing this out in the open, sure, but there's barely any chance the pup will wake up. He'd been running around the house and playing for hours.

"I need you to tell me something," Jungkook starts, tone very serious. He maintains eye contact with Jimin, moving to kneel on the floor again as he dips his fingers into the waistband of his shorts. Jimin nods, biting his lip. "What color are your panties?"

Jungkook knows he can just take his shorts off and check but that's no fun. This has been troubling him for hours now and he'd like to know if his guess is correct. Jungkook is thinking either white or pink, perhaps lace or satin. He just has a hunch. He hopes it's a thong like last time. Wouldn't even have to take it off in that case, just move it to the side and get his mouth on his perfect little present.

"What?" Jimin says, laughing in disbelief and shaking his head. "What kind of question is that?"

"Jimin, this has been troubling me ever since you got out of the shower. So please just cooperate for once." Jungkook grunts out, voice taking on a rough edge because he's so fucking horny already.

"Oh my god, you insatiable bastard! With my child in the room?! That's what you were thinking?"

"…Jimin." Jungkook responds sternly, not having the patience to deal with this. Of course he was thinking about that. What else does he think about? All he's been thinking about for *months* has been Jimin's pussy.

Jimin sighs, eyes closing and opening in annoyance. How can one be annoyed with Jungkook even as he's about to go down on him, he doesn't know. "…They're pink. With a little bow in the front."

"Lace?" Jungkook hums.

"Yes," the omega responds, turning his head away from Jungkook as it seems he gets a little shy, talking so openly about this. Makes sense. Jimin is every bit the prude until you put him in a room

with Jungkook's cock. Then he goes crazy.

"Thong?"

"*God,* Jungkook, yes. Why is this important?"

"Don't get snippy," Jungkook warns, letting go of the omega's waistband, the fabric snapping low on his hips. Jimin whines, scent turning even sweeter as a means to lure the alpha in, baring his scent gland in response to Jungkook's scent spiking. "Good boy."

He rewards him with a kiss on the lips, thumb stroking along his chin as he pulls him in closer, their tongues mingling. Jungkook's hand moves to the back of the omega's neck, getting them even closer together, Jimin's button nose smushing against Jungkook's.

"You want alpha to eat your pussy?" Jungkook asks, even though he already knows the answer. He looks the omega right in the eyes as he lifts his hips off the sofa with one hand, using the other to slide his shorts down until they lay barren on the floor beneath him. Jimin is light as a feather, and that only makes him even more insane. He could fuck him against the wall with ease, wouldn't even have to hold him up with his hands.

"Yeah, please," Jimin says, holding his breath once two of Jungkook's fingers move against the crotch of his panties. They're gorgeous, pink lace complimenting the omega's skin so wonderfully, sitting tight on his fleshy hips, his ass spilling out even if Jungkook can't see it right now.

He's wet too, very much so, the alpha able to scent it high in the air now that Jimin is practically exposed. He holds back a groan at feeling how soaked his panties are. *Fuuuuuck.* He wants to be inside him so bad. So, so bad.

Somehow, though, it doesn't feel right to have their first time on the sofa, in the house Jimin shares with his shitty husband. He's never felt this before, has fucked omegas in *public* and hasn't given a shit about it but he wants to make it romantic for Jimin, somehow. He wants the omega to feel good and to be able to scream and moan as much as he wants to. He wants to be able to give it to him good and deep, make sure he hits his g-spot just right.

He wants to take his time with him.

“Have you ever squirted, baby?” Jungkook asks, kissing along the expanse of the omega’s thick thighs, switching from one to the other, not caring that he’s leaving so many marks, not caring that he’s making Jimin look absolutely mauled. That piece of shit should see that someone is making Jimin feel good. He’d never be able to make him feel as good as Jungkook does, anyway.

Jimin flushes absolutely pink at that, turning his head away from where he was looking at the alpha between his legs, the backs of his knees resting on his shoulders. “I h-have,” Jimin admits, timid. Jungkook lets out a low growl at that, even though he was the one that asked. He doesn’t even want to think about anyone else making Jimin feel good. He was stupid for asking. “Not with anyone else, Jungkook. Just with a toy.”

That has his alpha perking up and rising out of the momentary depression caused by the thought of not being the first to make Jimin squirt. Jungkook smirks into his thigh, happily sucking another bruise onto the fat of it.

There’s a few droplets of slick leaking out from the side of Jimin’s panties, gliding on the innermost part of his thigh, Jungkook immediately zeroing in on it and licking it up, making the omega gasp as the sensation is much different than on his thigh, this is basically on his pussy. He’s mere millimeters away from where Jimin wants that tongue to be. It’s ticklish, Jungkook is sure, but he still continues on regardless.

Jimin tastes so good. So sweet, like some kind of dessert, and Jungkook is already obsessed with it. He loves slick just as much as any other alpha, would definitely substitute a meal for it if possible, but Jimin’s slick is just something else entirely. It tastes exactly like he smells, vanilla and milk mixing together and forming a combination the alpha genuinely wants to bathe in.

“C’mon, Jungkook,” Jimin says, his hands entangling in the alpha’s dark hair, holding him closer to his pussy so his nose is practically touching Jimin’s clit through the flimsy fabric covering it. The omega gasps at the touch, probably not expecting Jungkook to just stay in that spot, but Jimin smells so good there. His slick is concentrated in that spot and Jungkook *loves* it. “C-can you just— eat me out, fuck me— do whatever, just, *something.*”

Jungkook hums. He can’t deny Jimin any more than he can deny himself. He’s been waiting for this for ages. “Can I take your panties off, baby?”

“Yeah, of course. Don’t have to ask, you know. I’m not used to you being so polite.”

“I’m every bit a gentleman,” Jungkook says, chuckling lowly as he gingerly slides the omega’s panties down, removing his legs from his shoulders only for a moment to get them off. He throws them somewhere on the sofa after.

Do you think Jimin would let him take those home? Genuinely. He’s considering asking.

“I’m taking those home with me after, by the way,” he says, voicing his thoughts out loud, making Jimin face him with a look that screams ‘what the fuck’.

“No, you’re not,” Jimin shakes his head. Jungkook only smiles wider at his reaction, nodding along as if what the omega is saying isn’t getting through to him at all. “You are not taking my fucking dirty panties home, Jungkook. Have some decorum.”

Jungkook hums. He won’t *actually* do it, but if Jimin were to let him, he would, no doubt in his mind. Getting off into panties coated with Jimin’s slick, that he wore all day, would most definitely satisfy an itch he didn’t know he had until today.

When he looks away from Jimin’s gaze, though, he’s faced with the most angelic heavenly perfect out-of-this-world sight he’s ever encountered before. Jimin’s pussy is fucking gorgeous. He’s only had the opportunity to touch it once before and not see it, so this is… It’s so pretty. Glistening with slick and a little chubby with his clit peeking out behind his folds, flushed dark, arousal obvious in the way he squirms when Jungkook’s warm breath hits his hole.

It’s waxed clean. He’s so *smooth.* Even if he wasn’t expecting this to happen, maybe Jimin just feels prettier like this, so he does it for himself. Jungkook can’t complain, it’s literally perfect, the prettiest pussy he’s ever seen in his life.

It’s not his fault, then, that he can’t contain himself, diving head first, without even as much as a warning to the omega. Jimin lets out a loud mewl at the first lick against his folds, Jungkook spreading him open and licking around his hole, not dipping in just yet, the omega clapping a hand over his mouth because that mewl was definitely louder than intended.

Jungkook doesn’t let up, however, licking up all the slick that Jimin produces like a starving man, kittenish licks around the omega’s clit, making Jimin’s tummy tense up, abs contracting as he tries to squirm away from the intense pleasure. He sucks up all the slick that’s leaked out, gulping it

down in waves and making sure Jimin is clean before even thinking about drinking straight from the source.

Jimin still has his hand over his mouth, eyebrows scrunching up and eyes closing shut as Jungkook places a particular lick on the side of his sensitive clit, twitching away from the touch. Jungkook doesn't plan on letting him get away from him though, tugging him right back so he can focus on the important task at hand, and that is eating pussy. Even if it is very unfortunate that he can't exactly hear all of Jimin's pretty sounds right now.

"Look at me, baby, c'mon," Jungkook coaxes, peering up at Jimin between his thighs. The omega reluctantly opens his eyes, and Jungkook knows his chin must already be covered in slick, which is the reason why Jimin turns even more pink in the cheeks. "Look at me while I do it, please? Lemme see your pretty face."

It's an honest request because although this is more about Jimin's pleasure than his, he still gets off on making the omega feel good and sensing the way his scent sweetens with each lick inside. He's rock hard anyway, but that's not important. Far more important to make sure Jimin gets to come more than a few times, and if he's lucky, to get him to squirt.

Jimin nods slowly, eyes half-lidded as he bites his knuckle to keep quiet. Jungkook smiles, lowering himself until he's face to face with the omega's hole. It winks at him, clenching and unclenching, so tight and small and fuck, Jungkook's not even sure he'd fit. Thank god he didn't think about fucking Jimin tonight because he's definitely hurt him if he tried to right now, and that's not something he wants.

He licks inside gently, coating Jimin's hole in saliva, gripping at his thighs as his tongue laves over the opening. He coaxes it open slowly, getting him nice and wet and relaxed before he even thinks about poking his tongue inside. It pops in by itself after a few minutes, the omega letting out a strangled gasp as he feels it. Jungkook looks up at him while he's doing it, just to check if Jimin is still watching him, and to his surprise, he is.

His pussy feels so silky and smooth inside, gripping around the alpha's tongue and fuck, he wishes he was inside so bad. This is good too, nothing more satisfying than seeing an omega come apart because of only his tongue, but feeling that silky-velvet tightness around his cock would feel otherworldly. Feeling it contract around his knot would be a whole other experience.

"Jungkook— wait— I think I'm gonna— I don't—" Jimin says, shaking his head like he's confused how this is already happening.

“That’s okay, baby. Let go. It’s fine. I want you to.” Jungkook explains, separating his mouth from his hole before pinching his clit between two of his fingers, running them down the length of his pussy, from his clit to his hole and back up. Jimin squirms and intakes a deep breath, legs twitching on his shoulders. “Gonna put a finger in, okay? Just let go when it feels good. Let alpha take care of you.”

Jimin nods, biting his lip as he closes his eyes and leans back. His fingers slide inside of Jimin easily, the intrusion welcomed because the omega’s already so wet and covered with Jungkook’s spit. He thrusts a few times with just one finger, kissing on Jimin’s clit as he does, tongue licking on the underside of it, slow and intentional. One finger turns into two and that turns into the omega trying to move away, pleasure feeling like too much.

Jungkook almost wants to let up, feeling bad that it’s so intense for Jimin but on the other hand feeling overtly confident because he’s the one making the omega feel this good, so much so that he can’t handle it.

Jungkook teases the little nub with one hand, rolling it between his index and middle finger, as he thrusts his two tattooed finger inside the older, making Jimin let out a strangled, high-pitched moan in the air, definitely too loud, but Jungkook can’t stop him and he doesn’t want to either, hyper-focused on letting Jimin have his orgasm, pistoning his fingers inside fast and deep until the omega is virtually shaking, his ass rising from the sofa and lifting up as he twitches through it.

Jungkook continues to fuck him even as the omega comes, holding him back down, letting up on his clit and letting him ride it out on his fingers. The omega moves his hips on his own, hand covering his mouth as wet tears manage to slip from his eyes. His moans are so fucking cute and sexy at the same time, all forcibly quiet and sweetly saccharine as he comes down from his high.

The alpha’s tongue joins his fingers again once the omega calms down considerably, still whining low in his throat as Jungkook licks into his sensitive hole in tandem with his fingers, gulping down all the excess slick the omega’s produced. He wraps his hand in Jungkook’s hair, though, tugging on the locks and bringing him closer, so he clearly doesn’t want him to stop.

“That was,” Jimin starts, still catching his breath as he tries to speak, peering down at the alpha from his spot between his legs, mouth still full of pussy as he licks into Jimin, slower and much more controlled than before. “Ah— *mm*, that was— so so fucking good.”

The omega giggles breathlessly, the endorphins probably making his brain feel funny. “Don’t think I’ve ever come that hard because of an alpha before.”

Jungkook’s alpha puffs out his chest like a damn peacock. “You did perfect, baby. Such a good boy,” Jungkook praises, kissing the sides of Jimin’s waist and his lower stomach as the omega still tries to calm his heavy breathing. He pets his sides, pulling his fingers out and instead softly scratching against the omega’s stomach.

“Don’t have to come again if you don’t wanna. You did *perfect.*” Jungkook reiterates, knowing how important praise is for omegas after sex.

“No— I can— I can come again. You want me to squirt, right?”

Jungkook shakes his head. “It doesn’t matter what I want. I just want you to feel good, baby.”

“I—I can, though. I wanna make alpha proud.” Jimin admits shyly.

Fuck, that does something to him. Being called alpha in bed is always such a turn-on, very primal and pleasing to the other side of his brain, the one that’s all caveman and wolfy.

“How do you want it, baby?” Jungkook asks because seeing Jimin orgasm even once has already made him feel like he’s some otherworldly, superior human being. He wants to see that again, wants to see Jimin like this all the time, be the only cause for his pleasure for the rest of his life.

“Can you get up here?” Jimin asks and Jungkook immediately nods, the pout on the omega’s face too sweet to resist.

He sits next to Jimin, only now noticing how he’s scattered the omega’s clothes all over the room. He can’t stand the mess and also Jimin was kinda loud just now, so he folds them up before sitting closer to Jimin, making sure they're within reach. The omega looks at him with confusion obvious on his face.

“Just in case he wakes up.” Jungkook explains. He knows what they’re doing is irresponsible but also if they had a kid together this would be understandable. They’d take any chance to be able to be intimate with each other, uncaring of the circumstances.

What is he even *saying.* He doesn’t want to have any children with anyone, let alone Jimin.

Jimin juts out his lip, awe obvious in his expression as he climbs into Jungkook’s lap, like he can’t believe he’s being so thoughtful. “You’re much sweeter than you let on.”

“Gross,” Jungkook says though he doesn’t really mean it, hands wrapping low around Jimin’s waist, trying to grope at the omega’s ass before Jimin realizes what he’s doing, takes his hand back up to his lower back, and laughs in his face. The alpha groans, throwing his head back. “You realize this is torture? You’re torturing me.”

“*Please,*” Jimin replies, scoffing. He’s naked, leaking slick and the alpha’s own spit onto his sweatpants and yet the neat freak in Jungkook can hardly bring himself to care about that. “You could easily overpower me. You could hold me down and fuck me right here, but you’re not doing that. You know why?” Jimin asks and Jungkook shakes his head. “Because you’re a good alpha, as much as you don’t like hearing it. Your mom raised you right.”

What Jimin is saying is partly true. Jungkook can admit to that. The image his parents have of him in his mind is much different than the person he is now. He doesn’t know when or why things changed, but he was terribly shy in his first few years of high school, before he met Mingyu and the rest of his friends, so maybe he’s somehow overcompensating for it now, trying to erase every bit of his past self.

And maybe it’s a little hard to see anybody actually loving him for him because, sure, he’s good at sex and making omegas feel good, but none of these omegas have ever expressed wanting to stay because of *him.* Because of the way he looks, because of his scent, because of his pheromones or because of his cock, sure. But never just him.

Maybe it’s easier to consider yourself unlovable than to dive head first and let someone love you.

Jimin can surely sense him spacing out so the omega speaks again, kissing the corner of his mouth before he does. “Sorry. I know it’s none of my business and you likely don’t care what I have to say, considering your friend down there is viciously trying to fight fabric to get to me.”

Jungkook snorts. He adjusts the omega on his lap until his cock really is right under him, right under where it should be, where it would be splitting Jimin open if not for the layers of clothing between them. Jimin's face drops to his neck, licking at the alpha's scent gland, undoubtedly leaving a few dark love bites himself.

"Oh, you mean Jeon Jr.?"

Jimin rises up from his neck to gape at Jungkook. "Please don't tell me you actually call it that," he begs as the alpha starts laughing at his reaction. He gets a slap on the chest for that. "Don't laugh! I wouldn't put it above you."

The alpha can't help himself, the expression on Jimin's face just doing something to both him and his alpha and he's overcome with the need to kiss him, so he does. Jimin reciprocates with ease, and it feels really fucking good. It feels right. He loves how pliant the omega gets for him, loves how he lets Jungkook be the alpha. For all the fight he has in him when it comes to Jungkook on the regular, that all disappears when they're intimate.

Jimin's fingers tangle in his hair, tugging him closer and closer until there isn't a place where they're not touching, feeling Jimin right against him, feeling him grind his pussy on his thigh, hearing him moan into his mouth, it's everything Jungkook's been looking for all this time. It's perfect.

"Do you wanna fuck me, alpha?" Jimin asks as they separate, a thread of spit still connecting their lips.

Jungkook is torn. Usually, he would. He so would. But his alpha is adamant on not doing it here, not making it seem so much like a hookup, even when realistically, it is. They are just hooking up, but he doesn't want to do it like this.

Jimin deserves a bed of roses, it's corny, but he does, and if Jungkook was half the alpha the omega apparently assumed him to be, he would have done that for him.

"I can't," Jungkook groans out. Jimin looks confused, almost hurt at hearing him say that, his scent taking a darker note and almost losing the sweetness from before, and Jungkook can't have that.

The alpha quickly moves to explain himself. “not here, baby. I don’t want our first time to be on a damn sofa and I know that’s ridiculous but—”

Jimin stays silent for a moment, and Jungkook can’t bring himself to finish the sentence because he doesn’t even know what he wants to say in the end. He doesn’t like opening up so much to anyone, and he doesn’t like this side of himself that Jimin seems to bring out. He’s making him soft.

Jimin surprisingly rises up from his lap just to reach his forehead and kiss it, one of his hands on Jungkook’s warm cheek, making the alpha lean into the touch.

“That’s not ridiculous, Jungkook.” Jimin says, shaking his head when Jungkook’s face turns even more sour. He’s ruining this. They were just about to fuck and he’s gone and ruined it. “Like you said before, you’re every bit a gentleman. And that’s not a bad thing.”

“I’m not—”

“There’s layers to people, Jungkookie,” Jimin croons out, tone soft. He reaches for the alpha’s hands, letting them inch onto his ass this time, letting the alpha hold him closely and intimately, touching parts of his body that haven’t been touched for a long time. His alpha finds comfort in the closeness, almost purring in his chest. “You can be tough and cool and a fuckboy if that’s what you want, even with emotions. I like that you’re like that.”

Jungkook feels embarrassed that the omega is comforting him like this. Why do their hookups always take a turn for the worse? It’s like they can never just do the deed. They’re way too emotionally invested in each other, even if Jungkook doesn’t entirely understand why he’s even drawn to him so much.

He groans, his head falling onto the omega’s shoulder, making him giggle. “Why can we never just *have* sex?”

“I don’t know,” Jimin sighs out. “I guess we both care too much. Which is odd, considering you’re the bane of my existence. You offend me just by looking at me.”

“I wouldn’t have it any other way.” Jungkook snorts. “You’re perfect the way you are, which is why it’s taking everything in me not to get you on my knot right now.”

“You don’t have to hold back, you know,” Jimin says, letting go of their embrace in favor of throwing Jungkook’s shirt over his head and having the alpha take it off. His pretty fingers slide over Jungkook’s happy trail, stroking over the band of his boxers peeking out from his sweatpants. He licks his lips as he does. “I *do* have a terrible craving for Jeon Jr. right now. Should take that chance before I change my mind.”

“That pained you to say, didn’t it?” Jungkook chuckles.

“Yup.”

Jungkook places his own larger hand on top of Jimin’s, guiding the omega until he’s got his fingers hooked underneath the alpha’s boxers, Jungkook lifting himself up from the couch, omega in his lap and all — who squeals because he thinks he’s going to fall, though Jungkook would never let that happen — in favor of sliding his sweatpants and boxers down, letting his aching cock spring out. It bobs against his stomach as they come down, hard and quite literally leaking from the tip.

Jimin’s mouth stands open as he looks at it and Jungkook almost wants to laugh at him. If he’s pussywhipped, then Jimin is certainly dickmatized.

His little hand timidly wraps around it and holy shit does that feel good. It’s like the omega knows all his sensitive spots, paying special attention to his balls, fondling them as he strokes up and down the length of his cock, the touch teasing and gentle, like he wants Jungkook to get desperate for it, to ask him to go faster and to make him knot in his hand.

“Hate that it even smells good,” Jimin says, obviously disturbed by how much fun he’s having just giving the alpha a hand job and hearing him grunt and growl when he strokes over the head, his pussy absolutely drenched again in no time, responding to the alpha pheromones Jimin is referring to right now.

“Not my fault that— *ugh*—” a groan slash grunt, his hips trying to thrust into Jimin’s warm hand, though the omega lets go as soon as he tries it. “I was blessed like this— can you— can you not fucking *tease,* omega? You really want me to hold you down and fuck you right here, huh? No shame anymore?”

“You don’t have the balls for it.” Jimin claims, scent turning even sweeter in the air like he loves *this,* like he loves the chase. Jungkook doesn’t want to get rough or aggressive but Jimin somehow always plays with that side of him, makes his alpha get louder and louder in his head until he’s practically more wolf than man.

“I thought *you* told me to have some decorum.” Jungkook reminds, moving the omega’s hand away from his cock and making him whine petulantly when the younger takes both his wrists in one of his hands, holding them over his head. There’s a glob of slick leaking onto his sweatpants at the action and Jungkook wants to laugh.

Of course he’d find it hot. Of course he would.

Jimin likes that he’s bigger than him, a lot bigger in all ways, although he’s never said it outloud, Jungkook knows.

He puts his hand right over Jimin’s navel, touching it lightly with his finger before he speaks, the omega looking at where he’s touching in confusion.

“Here,” Jungkook says. Jimin looks confused even further and Jungkook presses his finger against the soft skin, pushing it. “I’d reach here with my cock. Are you sure you want that, hm? I feel like I’d break you, baby. You’re tiny. Barely stretched around my fingers.”

Jimin stays quiet for a moment, his breathing loud and ragged. He sounds like he’s panting, out of breath only at the visual. Jungkook can’t lie and say it doesn’t get to him either because it does. Jimin’s pussy really is fucking tiny and he’s big. He’d spear him open.

The omega’s still got his hands restrained when he speaks again. “Please,” he begs, eyes big and lower lip wobbling. “Please— we’ll make it fit. I’m made to take it so please— I-I know I can.”

“Okay,” Jungkook confirms. He lets go of the omega’s wrists and tucks himself into his sweatpants before getting up from the sofa with him still in his lap, making him let out a squeak as he holds tightly onto Jungkook’s neck. Jimin doesn’t need to do that. Jungkook could genuinely carry him even if the omega was lax.

“But not here.” The alpha says, leaning down to grab the baby monitor off of the coffee table.

They don’t leave before Jungkook can also cover the omega up with a blanket. His alpha doesn’t like the fact that he’s naked and vulnerable so out in the open, even if they’re the only ones awake in the house right now.

“Where are you going? You don’t even know where my room is.” Jimin asks, genuinely not sure what’s happening when the alpha starts going up the stairs.

“No, and I’m *not* fucking you where you sleep with that bastard, but I do know where Mingyu’s room is.”

“Jungkook!” Jimin exclaims, half a whisper and half a yell as they’re already upstairs in the hallway. “You’re insane. You’re actually insane. Put me down right now.”

“He’s had threesomes in my bed, Jimin. He would not give a shit. Trust me.” Jungkook reassures though it does little to appease the omega.

“Well, I care!” The older replies, squirming and trying to push the alpha away.

Jungkook growls in a warning, very tired of this by now. He wants to fuck. He needs to. He holds the omega tighter to him until he’s restrained. “I’ll change the fucking sheets for you. I’m fucking you in there whether you like it or not. I’m not gonna do it in a room full of another alpha’s pheromones.”

Jimin remains quiet and Jungkook sighs. That was a little rough. Maybe he really doesn’t want to do it anymore, which is fine.

“If you actually don’t want to, then tell me. Otherwise I’m not gonna take your whining as a no.”

“…I want to,” Jimin says, burying his head further into Jungkook’s scent gland, his words muffled. The alpha sighs in relief, his hand coming to hold Jimin’s head closer to him, making sure he gets his fair share of comforting alpha pheromones even if he isn’t upset, before he opens the door to Mingyu’s room. “Sorry, alpha.”

“That’s okay,” Jungkook says, pulling back to kiss his forehead as he places him on Mingyu’s bed. He puts the baby monitor on the nightstand, pulling the omega closer by his legs once he’s done and unwrapping him from the blanket like a present. “Alpha isn’t mad. How could I be mad at you? You’re so good for me.”

It doesn’t smell of anything in particular in Mingyu’s room, not even the alpha, because he rarely comes home anymore. Jungkook knows this which is why he’d thought of it in the first place. He’s never going to forgive Jungkook for this, but that’s fine. Jimin is worth it.

Jimin is so wet and so gorgeous and opening up so prettily for him, hole clenching and unclenching even without anything inside. Jungkook slides his fingers home, adding two from the get-go because the omega must be at least a little stretched from earlier, even if he is terribly small there compared to his cock.

Jungkook genuinely isn’t sure if he’s going to fit, but he has a feeling if he told Jimin that, he’d make it fit even if it was hurting him, just out of spite for the alpha.

The omega whines, beckoning him closer until they’re kissing again, both of them moaning at the taste of one another. It’s deeper than the others, less restrained now that they’re in the privacy of a bedroom. Jungkook can scent Jimin’s arousal in the air and it only gets his cock harder, spurred on further by the omega’s pussy gushing out slick as he fucks in and out of him, the glide against his fingers tight but wet.

It feels dirty to hear the sounds, the squelching when he pulls out and thrusts back in, the way Jimin squeals when he adds a third finger and then after a few minutes a fourth. Four *should* be enough, Jungkook assumes, but he’d go slow regardless.

He sucks on the omega’s scent gland with determination, making sure he’s leaving traces of himself everywhere even though it’s irresponsible. It’s stupid. But his alpha doesn’t want to hear it, marking the omega and letting him mark him back. Both of their necks look like war zones, not to mention what Jungkook has done to Jimin’s thighs.

Jimin breaks the kiss first, out of breath as he looks at the alpha who’s still thrusting his fingers in and out of his pussy. “I’m stretched *enough,* Jungkook. This is overkill.”

He’s being bratty again. He’s obviously enjoying it, if his moans are anything to go by, pussy gripping his fingers tight when he pulls out.

“I’m sorry for not wanting to hurt you. Are *you* insane?”

“No! But you’re being unreasonable! Just give it!” Jimin exclaims, pawing at the alpha to try and take his sweatpants off. Jungkook growls but it’s fine. If he wants it so bad he’ll get it, it’s not the alpha’s fault he’s acting like a petulant child right now. “C’mon, please— ah, I’ll be fine. I won’t break. Please, a-alpha.”

And well, Jungkook only has so much willpower.

The alpha pulls his fingers out, making a show of licking them clean of any slick. Jimin’s mouth gapes a little at that, vanilla turning even sweeter in the air. The omega’s legs are already wrapped around his waist so he gets his sweatpants and boxers off in record time, throwing them onto the floor. He strokes his cock a measly few times while Jimin looks at him because he’s been hard and leaking ever since he ate Jimin out and quite honestly, it’s been at least two months since he’s fucked anyone.

Did he mention he’s pent up?

“Fuck, I don’t have a condom,” Jungkook groans, suddenly remembering that he’d forgone bringing one because he didn’t want to assume anything was going to happen since he was the one to say that it was just going to be an innocent outing. He’s literally seconds away from being inside Jimin and now he’s being cockblocked by himself. Literally.

“You don’t have to,” Jimin pipes up softly, legs pulling Jungkook closer to him until he’s leaning over the omega, his cock’s so close to his pussy there’s little sirupy strings of slick connecting the two. “I’m on birth control. So… You can knot me. If you want.”

Jungkook isn’t insane to say no. He nods his head immediately, making Jimin giggle at his eagerness. He brings his cock closer until it’s making contact with Jimin’s pussy, right where his hole is. He runs it up and down his folds a few times, tapping it against his clit and making Jimin let out a little ‘ah’ at the sensation, until it’s covered in slick and snagging against the omega’s hole on its own.

He looks up at Jimin in order to ask for permission, words evading him. The omega nods fervently, biting his lip in anticipation. Once the head of his cock tucks himself inside, the tip kissing Jimin's hole, he looks up again, watching Jimin's face for discomfort before moving a few inches inside. It's so hot and wet and *tight,* above all, Jungkook barely being able to slide inside further.

He stops then, letting Jimin try to relax around him as the omega has visibly tensed. It's a stretch, Jungkook knows. He wants to thrust inside fully so badly, but he can wait. Jimin's comfort matters the most.

"You okay? Too much?" Jungkook asks, honesty and nervousness obvious in his voice as he notices Jimin's scent has soured a little, obviously in some sort of discomfort.

Jimin shakes his head. "'S just a lot. You're… huge, alpha," the omega says, eyes closing shut as he pulls Jungkook down closer to him, hugging the alpha close. Jungkook scents him quickly, nose running up and down his scent gland until he relaxes a little around him. "Will you be gentle?" Jimin asks, eyes opening and pleading with the alpha, so close together now that their noses are touching. Jungkook brushes their noses together before placing a kiss on the omega's lips.

"Of course," Jungkook replies, not knowing how anyone else could treat an omega anything other than gentle. He's an alpha, it's in his DNA to do so. Of course it only helps that Jimin is important to him.

He moves away only to adjust his cock and slide it a few inches deeper. Jimin hisses, turning his head away and muffling his sounds into his arm. It's obvious he's feeling uncomfortable, and Jungkook wishes he could do more, but all he can do is be patient, no matter how aroused he is, no matter how rough he wants to be.

"You have a tattoo here," Jungkook tries to distract the omega, making him lean down and look at what the alpha is referring to. His fingers run over the lettering on his ribs. "and here." He says, grazing the tattoo on his wrist. "They're pretty. What do they mean?"

"Ah— th-the one on my ribs I got when I was still a dancer. I danced to a song called Nevermind. It impacted me a lo— mm— a lot, so." Jimin stutters out, words getting slurred when Jungkook moves or twitches even the slightest bit. "It got all stretched and weird when I was pregnant. I thought I'd hate it, b-but I got it retouched." Jimin explains, the alpha humming to let him know he's listening while he kisses down his chest. "The 13 on my wrist is for me and Jaehyunnie. We were both born on the 13th."

Just as Jimin finishes elaborating, Jungkook thrusts in fully, slow and gentle, trying to be as soft with it as he can, though Jimin still undoubtedly feels it. Once he's up to the hilt, though, it feels amazing. He can't help but groan, eyes rolling back as he's finally, *finally* enveloped by that tight velvety heat. It's so warm and welcoming, stretching around him obscenely, letting him inside. The only alpha to be inside for a while now.

"There we go," Jungkook croons, placing a few soft pecks on Jimin's lips when he sees his eyebrows furrowing. His scent returns back to its sweet state, reassuring the alpha enough to know he's not hurting him. There's extra slick leaking out of him and past the alpha's cock, adjusting to his size. "All in, baby. You took it all."

"Told you I could," the omega replies, laughing breathlessly as the alpha joins him. "I genuinely think you're in my womb. Jesus. I can't even breathe with how deep it is."

"You're exaggerating," Jungkook rolls his eyes, pulling out the slightest bit, his fingers encircling Jimin's clit as he does, trying to distract him with pleasure in case it still feels uncomfortable. It doesn't seem like it does feel bad anymore, Jimin letting out these cute tiny gasps at the movement, his hips following Jungkook and trying to get him to bury himself back inside.

"You can move," Jimin sighs out before spreading his arms like he's trying to get Jungkook to hug him. "Just come here. Wanna feel you close."

The alpha nods, letting Jimin hold him close until he's got his nose buried in the other's scent gland, inhaling that sweet milky-vanilla. He leverages himself before thrusting, slow and shallow at first, not pulling out all the way. Jimin's nails find home in his broad back at the movement, scratching as the omega muffles his moans into Jungkook's shoulder. His legs encircle the alpha tightly, even as he's jostled by the thrusting.

Jungkook growls every time the omega squeezes around him, pussy tight like a vice and yet so, so wet and soft that Jungkook can't even describe it. He's never had pussy like this before. He's perfect. It feels so fucking good, his alpha over the moon they're finally fucking their omega, the perfect omega for them.

The only one that they feel like they could love.

The realization has Jungkook breaking out of his stupor, shoving it in the back of his mind as he focuses on the mind-numbing pleasure, the way his omega claws at his back, muffled mewls and moans in his neck as he's filled up, the alpha's cock spearing him open good and deep, so good his eyes are bleary and unfocused and all the attitude is fucked out of him.

It feels good. It feels so good because he's inside of the omega and he's fucking him fast and deep and making him moan and cry and beg to come, his pussy clenching around him in waves as what he thinks is an orgasm wracks through him, Jimin's nails digging deep into his back and his cries ringing loud in his ears. It's a strong one, he thinks, as he rhythmically clenches around the alpha for all but a minute, making his knot already start to swell up at the base, a deep growl budding out of his chest.

"Did you just come?" Jungkook asks, even though it's almost obvious by now, a splash of fresh slick on his cock, soaking them until he's sure the sheets underneath them are wet with their shared pleasure.

"Ngh—" Jimin moans, his voice betraying him as his legs interlock tightly on the alpha's ass, bringing him closer until the swell of his knot is trying to force its way inside, growing intimidatingly big. It seems like that's what the omega wants, though, desperately trying to coax him in with his scent and his tightness to knot him. "Don't let it— *ah*— get to your head."

Jungkook chuckles, thrusts turning erratic and so deep he can quite literally *see* the imprint of where his cock reaches when he's fully inside, just slightly below where he said it would. He groans, the imagery absolutely delightfully delicious, to see and touch where he's sitting, to feel how he claims the omega in such an intimate way, reaching places other alphas surely haven't.

He can't help but ask to confirm. "Am I doing good, baby? Yeah? Fucking you just like you needed me to?" Jungkook snarls out, voice deep and scratchy, more alpha than man, as the omega nods his head desperately, his pussy swollen and raw as Jungkook's knot continues to grow. "You're being perfect for me. Squeezing so— *fuck*— tight around me. Gonna fuck you until it takes."

He's not sure *why* exactly he says it or what force possesses him to do so, but he's pretty sure it's a force called his alpha. He's all but salivating with the knowledge that their omega is letting them fuck him raw, letting them knot him and come inside, keep their seed inside until they're both sure there's no way he's not pregnant.

He's sure he'll get scolded. He's sure of it. And yet…

“God, yes,” Jimin moans, pulling Jungkook into a kiss that’s more tongue and exchanging saliva than anything else, his hands entangling in the alpha’s dark hair. “Please— *pleaaaase*— ah— alpha, please. I’ll make you a daddy, I’ll give you a pup. However many you want, just—”

He doesn’t last for long after that. He jostles the omega on the bed like a rag doll, his thrusts turning less deep and calculated and more frantic and fast, hips pistoning in and out of his soaking wet pussy in rapid grinds. His knot is almost fully grown now, snagging on Jimin’s sensitive hole everytime he buries himself deep inside.

Jungkook can see it too, the imprint of his cock and his knot through Jimin’s taut little belly, his muscles rippling and making it even more obvious when the alpha’s fingers press on his clit, rubbing insistently.

It’s a sight he’s sure he would never tire of, watching intently at how it disappears when he thrusts out, reaching up to Jimin’s belly button when he thrusts in.

The alpha can feel that familiar coil in his belly, that deep, festering arousal that’s threatening to spill over as he sucks hard at the older’s scent gland, the omega’s pussy clenched tight as he all but screams, scent turning so sweet it’s almost suffocating, and then there’s something pushing Jungkook’s cock out, like a gush of liquid and he’s worried for a mere moment before he pulls out and the omega starts squirting.

He can’t resist once he realizes what’s going on, can’t resist crouching down and drinking up that sweet nectar as Jimin comes down from his high, pussy twitching. The gushes land right into his mouth, sweeter than honey and oh so wonderful. He laps it up like a starving man, can’t ever get enough of tasting Jimin even though he’s so close too, knot almost swollen completely and he’s not even locked inside Jimin yet.

“Inside, alpha, please— you can’t come outside, please,” Jimin begs breathlessly, tears collecting on his eyes as he whines high in the air, his alpha immediately responding with comforting pheromones and trying to fix whatever’s wrong. The omega makes grabby hands at him and Jungkook’s on him in seconds. “Pleas—uh— need your knot, gimme your cum.”

He knows it’s all mindless bed-talk and yet his alpha still gets riled up like a beast. He’s overcome with the need to fill Jimin up until he can’t take it anymore and until his tummy’s bloated so much

that he looks six months pregnant at the very least. It's a depraved thought, one that usually comes and goes when he's in rut, but it's different now when he's lucid.

It's also different because the omega he has these thoughts about when he's in rut now has a face, a body, a name and a scent.

When Jungkook slides inside his pussy again, swollen and rubbed raw, the head of his cock popping inside with ease, it takes less than three thrusts, deep and rough, grinding his knot until it sticks inside, growing impossibly large to pull out, and he's coming, the fireworks in his stomach finally exploding as his omega squeezes tight like a vice around him. It's perfect. It's everything he's been waiting for, the omega holding him tight and not letting him pull out for even a centimeter.

Jungkook kisses Jimin anywhere and everywhere he can reach, his plump lips swollen and pink as their tongues slide against one another. He's still coming, he's coming so much, like never before, filling Jimin up as the omega squirms, another tiny orgasm wracking his body as the spurts of come hit deep inside him, probably right into his womb, even if he wouldn't be getting pregnant.

Their foreheads rest against one another as they catch their breaths, both sweaty and exhausted.

Jungkook speaks first. "I made you squirt." He says, proud and confident, sticking his tongue out at the omega as Jungkook flips them over, making Jimin lie down on his chest while he sits comfortably on his knot, with Jungkook resting against the headboard of the bed.

He almost wants to look down where they're connected because he can feel his cum overflowing out of Jimin but that pearly white against Jimin's cum-swollen hole, effectively kept plugged up by the alpha's knot, would most certainly get him horny again. He's almost horny just seeing the curve of Jimin's ass as the omega rests on him. He can't help but squeeze the cheeks in his hands, groaning a little when he isn't stopped and can marvel at the thickness of them.

"Idiot." Jimin sighs, flicking his nipple and making Jungkook flinch and release a whiny 'ow!' in response. Despite it, he still cuddles into the alpha, hands touching his sweaty skin desperately, like he's trying to remember every ripple of muscle on the alpha's body.

"Tell me I did good. Stop abusing me all the time."

Jimin squints his eyes.

“You made me come like four times. Do I need to inflate your ego much more?”

“I loved it. You were amazing, baby,” Jungkook says, kissing the omega’s forehead as he peers up at him, fondness clear in his eyes when he props himself up with his hands on the alpha’s chest. “Do you think it worked?” The alpha questions.

“What?” Jimin asks, eyebrows furrowing cutely in confusion.

“Do you think we’re pregnant?” Jungkook asks, a smile spilling onto his face.

“*Jungkook,*” Jimin sighs, unable to stop the breathless laugh that comes out of him, closing his eyes like he’s asking himself what did I get myself into. “Yup, for sure. I think it’s triplets, actually.”

“Good. I think Jaehyunnie would like having siblings.”

“Oh my god, don’t speak of my son right now.”

“You were pretty loud, Jimin.” The alpha frowns overdramatically. “We certainly need to work on that for next time—”

“Oh you assh— you are not going *near* my pussy ever again with that attitude—”

♥

When Jungkook wakes up, eyes filled with the last cobwebs of sleep and overcome with the insistent need to piss, he quickly enough realizes it’s not yet morning. It’s dark out, as is made obvious by the lack of sunlight coming through the windows in the room.

Jimin is still asleep next to him, squirming a little when the alpha repositions him, moving him from his sleeping position on the younger's chest. The omega whines a little but otherwise doesn't stir, continuing to sleep on his side and bundling up into the freshly-clean sheets. Jungkook had changed them after they'd taken a shower together.

He wanted Jimin to be comfortable, somehow. It didn't feel good on him as an alpha to have him sleep in a bed sullied by their shared pleasure.

Jungkook rubs at his tired eyes a few short times before pulling himself into an upright position and getting up from the bed. He tucks Jimin into the comforter once more, making sure the omega isn't cold, before trying to figure out where the bathroom is in the pitch black darkness of the house. He thinks he knows where it is, considering he'd been in it just hours ago, but that was with Jimin's guidance. This house is huge for absolutely no reason.

The alpha opens the door as soundlessly as he can, leaving it ajar the slightest bit. He walks down the hallway until he almost walks into a tiny figure in the dark, both of them jumping back.

Jungkook holds his hand to his chest as he tries to make sense of just what the fuck just happened, before he sees who the figure actually is.

It's Jaehyun, the pup's lower lip wobbling and his big brown eyes filled with tears as he walks out from what seems to be the direction of Jimin's bedroom, even though he's not all that sure.

The pup smells and looks utterly distressed, cheeks blotchy and red from crying and his eyes swollen. He's holding a bunny plushie tight to his chest as he peers up at Jungkook.

His alpha responds to the scared pheromones the pup is giving off immediately, crouching down with his eyebrows furrowed as he tries to release as much of his own pheromones to help. He's not sure they will, Jaehyun doesn't know him all that well, but it's all he can do before he can go and wake Jimin up for help.

"Jaehyun… hey, hey, what's wrong? Are you hurt? Why are you crying?" The alpha starts, frantically checking over him with his eyes, praying to god he's not somehow hurt because Jimin would obviously blame himself.

“M-mommy…” Jaehyun sniffles out, his voice wavering. He steps closer to Jungkook and the alpha’s not sure what he can do, not sure what the pup is asking from him until he lifts his arms up, stepping in between Jungkook’s crouched legs and asking to be picked up. The alpha immediately does so, rocking him and shushing him and trying to do everything he remembers his mother doing for him when he cried. “I-I want m-mommy… Mommy left, Kookie. He left me.”

Jungkook shushes him further, his stance relaxing now that he knows the pup isn’t hurt and most likely only had a nightmare, Jaehyun wrapping his little arms tighter around his neck as the alpha holds him close to his chest.

“Shh. It’s alright. Mommy’s right there,” he says, pointing to the bedroom he had just come out of, Jaehyun following his hand diligently. “We were just… having a sleepover. I’m sorry we forgot to tell you. Mommy’s fine, I promise. You can go sleep with him if you want to.”

The pup turns to him, peering up at him with his big eyes. “But what ‘bout Kookie? You can’t sleep alone… Sleep wit’ me and mommy, please.”

“Ah,” Jungkook says through his teeth, not knowing if Jimin would love that idea. He’s still just a hookup, no matter how the vines of affection in his chest keep growing. He shakes his head. “You go sleep with mommy. I need to go home anyway.”

It’s not like he’s lying. He does need to go home, but certainly not at what’s probably 3 AM. He just doesn’t feel comfortable playing house. It’s not his place, and it’s easier to explain to his alpha that they don’t belong if it actually feels that way.

“No, please,” Jaehyun begs, lower lip starting to wobble again and Jungkook can’t help but to place a soft kiss on the pup’s sweaty forehead, even if he definitely shouldn’t. “Wit’ me and mommy, please, Kookie. You smell nice and mommy smells nice with you.”

He knows the pup is merely getting attached because he’s an alpha who’s giving both him and his mother more than a minute of attention, with a comforting and safe scent, who had spent a lot of time with him today, probably more than his father had in the past few months. So it’s really no wonder he seems to be getting more than a little clingy towards Jungkook.

And Jungkook, well. He’s a horrible person because he enjoys it. He doesn’t want to leave. What has he turned into?

“Okay,” Jungkook replies, nodding his head. “I just have to go to the bathroom. You can go see your mommy without me, Jaehyun. I’ll be quick.”

Jaehyun shakes his head as Jungkook sets him down on the floor, taking the alpha’s hand in his — with some difficulty, considering the height difference — and leading him to the bathroom. “I wait for you here. Then we can go together, okay?”

“Yeah,” Jungkook confirms, trying to act like his heart hasn’t just swelled up twice in size, threatening to beat out of his chest at the sheer cuteness of the pup. Jungkook hopes, one day, if he decides to have children, that they’re half as adorable as Jimin’s pup is.

He goes into the bathroom and does his business, washing his hands after and wiping them dry with a towel before he joins the little human on the other side of the door again. Jaehyun shoots a toothy smile his way, making the alpha smile back as well as he takes the hand Jaehyun is offering him.

They make their way to Mingyu’s bedroom then, Jimin still asleep in bed, unmoving as they shuffle around the room and Jungkook is so glad that they got dressed and aired it out, now. If they hadn’t Jaehyun would absolutely *not* be able to sleep here.

Jungkook picks the pup up, placing him next to Jimin on the bed. He immediately cuddles up to his mother, the omega responding by hugging him close to his chest. It seems that this isn’t an uncommon thing, as Jimin recognizes the pup’s weight on his chest even in his sleep.

The alpha gets in as well, sighing as the warm covers do wonders to get him on the precipice of sleep once again.

He expects Jaehyun to just fall asleep on Jimin, like he’s so obviously done multiple times before, but surprisingly, when he’s woken up by his alarm in the morning, shutting it off immediately as to not wake the other two people in the room, he finds the pup drooling on his pec, Jungkook’s arm around both him and Jimin on one side.

It physically pains him to have to get up because his alpha is already convincing him that this is *perfect,* that this is what they were made for.

He still has to get up and he does so because he’s not sure Jimin expects him to stay, but regardless, he still sends the omega a text to let him know that he had a great time, explain why Jaehyun is in bed with them, and also to tell him why he couldn’t stay the whole morning, even if he knows the omega probably wanted him to leave, less mess that way.

Jungkook sighs as he descends down the stairs quietly. He’s never felt so empty after such mind-blowing sex.

Well, life goes on, or whatever they say. He’ll be fine.

If he had known what would follow after him leaving, he’s not sure he ever would have left for those fucking Monday morning classes.

♥

11:07 AM

Jimin (milf): I’m sorry

Jimin (milf): Last night wasn’t right. I’m so sorry

Jimin (milf): I wasn't thinking… none of that should’ve happened

Jimin (milf): You’re so young and I used you

Jimin (milf): Please don’t contact me anymore. I’m sorry

A month since he had received those texts.

A month since he’d last seen Jimin.

And a month since his normal life, the one he had before Jimin, had, well, all but stopped.

Jungkook could not explain to you the heart-wrenching, overwhelming sadness that had surrounded both him and his alpha when Jimin had sent those texts, only a few hours after Jungkook had left, effectively crushing any and all daydreams his alpha might have had that the omega could be the one. The omega that they *both* wanted.

The alpha had never felt anything like it. He's never felt so much for an omega, he's never even been so invested before. He knows so much about Jimin and he knows how much they have in common and how much they had talked every single day and now all of that's gone. He didn't know what to do with himself for the first two weeks, body literally weighed down by the intensity of his alpha's utter sorrow.

Jungkook doesn't know how to deal with emotions. He doesn't fucking know how to do that. He's barely come to terms with the fact that he *likes* Jimin. Likes, liked, present and past tense, whatever the fuck. He doesn't know how that shit works.

It's been a month since everything had gone to shit. And Jungkook wishes he could say he didn't see it coming, but he did. He knew they had an expiration date and he'd been adamant on that. Even so, he wanted to think they would at the very least remain in contact. As acquaintances, if nothing more, but it seems he had gotten ahead of himself in that aspect.

Jimin wanted nothing to do with him anymore. He had made that abundantly clear by blocking him right after sending those texts and making sure the alpha really had no way to reach him.

The worst thing is he doesn't know what happened. What did he do? What did he do that was so bad it made the omega want to give up on their friendship completely?

He thinks it might have been the way he had interacted with the omega's pup. Surely, because the sex was amazing and there was no way Jimin hated it. He doesn't know why he had thought it would be alright to get so friendly with the pup, but something had overcome him, a protective need to be there for Jaehyun, primal and instinctive, to provide him with comfort.

And yet, the alpha doesn't regret it. He's never once thought he could be so good with pups, but he really had enjoyed the whole day he'd spent with the two, more than any meaningless sex he's had before and since then.

And well, for the past month, he'd fucking tried, okay. Jungkook tried his damn hardest to go back to normal, to go back to factory settings before that damn MILF had customized him to his liking.

It, unsurprisingly, didn't work. All the omegas were *horrifying,* their scents disgusting to him, and nobody's pussy hit even remotely the same.

He couldn't. He just couldn't. They weren't Jimin. It felt *wrong.* His alpha wouldn't stand for it.

Jungkook couldn't even fucking get it up. It was embarrassing, he'd only tried it once, got utterly annihilated by his alpha refusing to even budge on the subject, not getting turned on even when the nameless omega had been soaking wet before him.

Getting drunk has been the only thing that's even remotely been working. It numbs everything out.

His friends are worried, he knows that, have been secretly staging interventions literally since they've noticed something's been going on, but it hasn't helped.

He's at a party currently, buzzed with weed and soju and vodka and things he doesn't even know the name of, pouring more into his body whenever the numbness seems to go away, the music loud in his ear, the air in the room humid and filled with sweaty, all nauseating and overstimulating.

"Haven't you had enough?" An annoying voice asks, loud and boisterous in his ear as he sits down next to Jungkook on the bean bag chair, squeezing next to him and making the alpha squirm.

"Not at all," Jungkook says, gruff, tone very much annoyed as Yoongi sits next to him. "Shouldn't you be with your boyfriend?" The alpha says, taking a chug of his drink once more before the omega takes it away from him, setting it on the floor.

"Yeah, well, I'm fucking worried, dipshit. You're mixing drinks and drugs and you *won't* tell us what's wrong." Yoongi confesses before his tone turns softer, a comforting hand reaching Jungkook's shoulder as he rubs along the expanse of it. "You were doing better for a while, you know? You stopped with all this immature shit. What happened, Kook?"

Jungkook throws his head back, sighing. He hates that he can't get over him. He hates it. He wants to get his normal life back.

“*Your* kind happened, that’s what,” Jungkook growls, even though he doesn’t really mean it, he’s not even angry. He's already starting to sober up and he’s getting cranky.

Yoongi giggles. “My kind? What? Got your heart broken by an omega for the first time and now you’re weeping like a little baby because of it?”

Jungkook stays silent, further proving to Yoongi that he hit the nail on the head with that one.

“Oh,” Yoongi says, eyes turning gentle and his expression becoming more compassionate, like he wants to coo at the alpha. The omega doesn’t but he does hug him, burying his head in the alpha’s scent gland and letting Jungkook do the same. His eyes turn a little wet at the action, even if he doesn’t want to admit it. “Oh, my baby Jungkookie. Who was it, huh? Who did it? I’ll kill that bitch.”

“Hyung,” Jungkook sniffles, holding tighter and gripping Yoongi for dear life. He can’t help but let out a snotty laugh as tears spill down his cheeks, and he hasn’t cried since he’s last seen Jimin and certainly not in front of anyone and Yoongi is comforting and good and he loves him. “I thought you were all about omega solidarity.”

“I am, unless they hurt you. Then it’s on sight.” The omega says, wiping the tears off the alpha’s cheeks with his thumbs when they separate. “Tell hyung what happened.”

Jungkook tells Yoongi everything, and he means *everything,* starting from the beginning, skipping over most of the sexual details because the omega definitely doesn’t want to hear all of that and ending with Jimin’s texts a month and two weeks and one day ago. Yes, he’s been counting every moment. He doesn’t care if that makes him sound lame. He has feelings.

Jimin liked the fact that he has feelings.

“You need to go get him,” Yoongi commands. Jungkook wants to laugh as he wishes he could do that. Jimin doesn’t want him, though, and he has to accept it. It’s unfortunate but Jimin wouldn’t leave his husband for him. It’s just factual. He lets out a dry snort at Yoongi’s statement, the omega furrowing his eyebrows at him. “I’m being fucking serious, idiot. You want him. You’ve been a mess without him.”

“I haven’t—”

“Yes you have,” Yoongi growls. “He made you a man, Jungkook. He made you want to be better. You can’t be a father to his pup if you’re out here drinking and getting high every weekend.”

Jungkook growls back. Yoongi doesn’t know shit. Jimin’s the one that made him leave. “He doesn’t *want* me to be. His pup has a father just as much as Jimin has a husband. He broke it off because of that.”

“Don’t you think he’s scared, Jungkook?” Yoongi frowns as he rubs Jungkook’s back. “He’s scared. You’re twenty and have your whole life ahead of you and if he gets divorced, he has nothing. He has everything to lose. He could lose his pup, for heaven’s sake.”

Jungkook realizes all of that, but it still doesn’t explain why Jimin hadn’t just talked to him about it, told him he wanted to cool things off and just have them be friends. Jungkook would have said yes, he would have, because he’s never had a *friend* like Jimin, one who he can talk to for days on end, never tiring, never wanting to leave his side.

“What the hell am I supposed to do? He’s blocked me on everything.”

“Well, we figure something out, obviously!” Yoongi exclaims. He gets up, yelling out over the loud bass in the room full of people. “Namjoon! Joooooon!”

Jungkook doesn’t know he’s doing, trying to hide from the world as everyone turns to them because Yoongi is fucking loud. Louder than the music, even. Jungkook shields his face with his hand as the second-hand embarrassment sets in.

“What are you yelling about?” Taehyung replies, confused as he walks over with Seokjin holding his hand. The alpha is flushed all over with a bunch of hickeys trailing down his barely buttoned dress shirt. Jungkook doesn’t want to know.

“Where’s my fucking alpha? We’ve got a code red! Jungkookie’s *in looooooove!* ” Yoongi yells out and dear god this is the worst experience he’s ever had to go through.

Hoseok comes barreling through the crowd, obviously a little inebriated as he yells for Namjoon as well, even though it's probably not registering all that much why he's doing so right now. Jungkook wills this torture to finally end as his cheeks might permanently be stained a bright red after this.

"*Him?*" Seokjin asks, looking mighty petrified at even the thought, a horrified expression taking over his face.

"Jungkook?" Hoseok questions, trying to piece things together.

"Are we sure we're thinking of the same guy?" Taehyung pipes up, looking unsure.

"Why are you calling me, babe?" Namjoon says as he comes running, placing a fat, slobbery kiss on the omega's lips, an arm around his shoulders.

"Okay! Okay, yes, we all get it! I'm in love with an omega! I think I love him! Can we get the fuck over it, please?!"

It's silent as they all stare at him after his outburst. Jungkook catches his breath as he realizes he's just said it outloud. This is the first time he's voiced it to actual people and not only when he's in an argument with his alpha about whether or not it's true. It is true. He knows it is. Jimin is it for him. Jimin and his pup and every annoying little quirk he comes with, everything that had once annoyed him to no end is now something he can't live without.

He loves that. He loves when they argue and he loves when he gets to dote on the omega and he loves his pup. He likes holding him and he *wants* to learn to take care of him and teach him all the alpha things that Jimin might not understand all that well.

It's a terrifying thought, he's only twenty and they're so very different, but Jungkook would give up everything for them to work out, he knows that much at the very least. Things in life are uncertain and there's no telling when his mind could change because he's still growing up but his alpha is so sure it won't.

Jimin is *it.*

Yoongi catches everyone up to speed with an alarming amount of details like the way Jungkook had cried while telling him about the whole situation. That was entirely unnecessary.

"What are we waiting for?" Namjoon says, the expression on his face all too happy because he's so obviously very drunk, but also he probably remembers their conversation a month ago.

He must have connected the dots and the stark difference from the Jungkook then and Jungkook now must be amusing him to no end, even as the alpha sheepishly looks down in embarrassment when Namjoon turns to him with a fond smile, patting him on the shoulder.

"How do we find him though?" Seokjin asks and it's a very valid question because Jimin won't fucking talk to him and he's run out of resources to find him. It's not above him to go to the omega's house and drag him out to just talk to him, but he also doesn't want to cause further problems for the older.

"It's simple!" Taehyung says, nodding his head to himself like he's got the most perfect plan brewing. "We just need to find Mingyu, have him call Jimin here, say Jungkook's, like, piss-drunk and crying — which, not far from the truth — and if he comes, we'll know for sure that he loves you." The omega says, all in one breath.

"Solid plan, expect I'd have to tell my best friend I fucked his *step-mom.*" Jungkook quips sarcastically, rolling his eyes.

"Oh c'mon, Jungkook," Hoseok sighs out, crossing his arms on his chest as he squints his eyes at Jungkook. "He's going to find out anyway if you really are serious about him. When were you planning to tell him?"

"I don't know! I don't—" Jungkook interrupts his own train of thought, facing five pairs of watchful eyes as he speaks again. "You guys wouldn't want to hear I fucked any of your moms, okay. I actually value Mingyu as a friend when all of you are too busy sucking face to pay attention to me."

"We all want *you* to be sucking face with someone too, Jungkook. Therefore we're getting this omega here if that's the last thing we do." Namjoon commands.

Jungkook can merely try to blend into the grey bean bag chair he's sitting on as his dumbass friends go looking for the other alpha, not letting Jungkook talk them out of it. Besides, what's the possibility that they'll actually find Mingyu, sober-ish and willing, and not drunk as hell in his bedroom with an omega? Close to zero, considering it's 1 AM already.

Taehyung stays with him as the others look, not peeved enough to go insane like the rest of them, instead occupying Yoongi's former spot on the beanbag and scooting close to the alpha.

It takes a while of them just sitting there for anything to happen, and it's after maybe fifteen minutes that Jungkook frowns, realizing his last shred of hope is getting destroyed as they speak because if four men couldn't find one Mingyu in fifteen minutes, they're not going to find him at all.

It's then that Mingyu appears out of the crowd with all of them, making a very funny sight as the five men basically kidnap the alpha, bringing him right in front of Jungkook. He's a little surprised they actually did get him, which he's sure shows in his scent, the sandalwood spiking a little, his alpha excitedly wagging his tail.

Mingyu points a shaky finger at him.

"I am never going to forgive you for fucking him on my childhood bed, the bed we did *math homework* on, Jungkook, is nothing sacred to you?" Mingyu accuses, and Jungkook groans, laughing a little at the ridiculousness of it all as he throws his head back before looking forward again. "But I am most of all mad you didn't tell me. Fuck you, bro. We're best friends."

"I don't know why telling him where and how we did it was important, but geez, thanks guys," he says sarcastically to his friends who all smile widely at him, closing their eyes with their teeth showing. Mingyu doesn't smell actually mad, his scent the same tone of woodsy pine as always. He peers up at the alpha with hopefulness. "I'm sorry. I didn't think I'd get invested. I didn't think it'd go this far at all. But I just… I miss him so much, Gyu."

Mingyu sighs. "OK. I guess I should come clean too. I kinda knew." The alpha admits, timidly rubbing at the back of his neck. Jungkook's mouth opens in a silent gasp before he closes it. Mingyu starts gesticulating then, explaining himself.

"Jaehyun may be bright for his age but he's still a pup. Told me aaaall about a certain Kookie who showed him his pretty tattoos and made his mom smell funny. I kinda connected the dots when

Namjoon told me you were going out with some blondie from that party a couple months ago."

"And you didn't think to fucking tell me?!" Jungkook growls out, getting up only to swat the alpha on his perfectly-styled hair and then putting him in a headlock even as he squirms and yells at Jungkook. "You were going to let me grovel, asshole. Do you know how much mental damage you've done to me these past couple of weeks? I'll tell you! It's a lot!"

Mingyu gets out from his grip before using Yoongi as a human shield as a means to get Jungkook to stop throwing him around. He peeks out from the omega's shoulder. "I'm sorry! I thought he was just a fling too. So it didn't matter to me. But I called him! I did. So that must make up for something."

"You called him?" Jungkook gulps.

"Of course, dude. Obviously he means something to you. Plus, he's getting divorced from my dad anyway so I figure he deserves to have something good in his life. You're a good guy, JK."

He's *what?*

Jungkook can't believe what he's hearing. He'd never thought… Maybe there's even a chance. Maybe he could talk Jimin into letting him stay, into letting them become more. He knows the omega thinks he's young and immature and a fuckboy and yeah, he's all of those things, but he's also Jimin's, wholeheartedly, he'd do anything to keep him safe and happy.

He'd change. He knows he could. Those things don't matter to him anymore. Not really, haven't mattered ever since he'd met Jimin. The only thing that matters is the omega himself, that's it.

"He's getting divorced?!" All his friends exclaim in unison, Taehyung gasping way too dramatically.

"Well… I guess your dick's that good, man, I don't know. I didn't ask about the details, don't really care. He's still young, he doesn't deserve to be stuck in an unhappy marriage like that." Mingyu shrugs as a response, reappearing as he lets Yoongi go.

“What did he say?” Jungkook asks frantically, running a hand through his hair. “Did he say he’d come? Is he coming? Does he wanna see me?”

“Honestly, uh, I don’t know. I just said you were a mess. And then he was silent for a bit and hung up. I don’t really know what that means.” Mingyu explains, his words a little slurred, Jungkook realizing he’s definitely more than a little drunk, knowing that really isn’t the answer Jungkook wants to hear.

He can’t be mad because he wasn’t expecting Jimin to come. Okay, he was, he’s lying. But Jimin is mature, he’s not the type of person to find love an absolute necessity in life and Jungkook doesn’t even know if he loves him back or whatever.

He frowns a little, mentally kicking himself. Why can’t he just have this one good thing? Why can’t he get the omega and the pup like in the movies and be done with it? They deserve to be happy, Jungkook would make them happy. He might be broke and still in university and Jimin might consider him a kid but he’s still an alpha. He has all those instincts. He’d make things work. He’d ask his parents for help, find a fucking job, fuck, whatever.

The alpha is all but ready to just get lost from this party and go smoke a joint in his room with Namjoon and Hoseok and Seokjin, make them kick their omegas out because he kinda wants to be coddled by his friends and it’s embarrassing enough that he’s the only one left single. He’s lost Hoseok too, the alpha hooking up with someone from his dance crew.

It’s horrifying, but he’ll admit defeat, he doesn’t want any other omega, and if he’s not gonna get Jimin, then so be it. He’ll be alone forever. He’ll die alone. It’s fine. He’s never needed love before. Who cares, love is a commercialized thing.

(He would kneel on the ground and beg before the omega just to kiss him one more time.)

“Jungkookie—” Yoongi starts, but Jungkook just looks at the floor still, rubbing at his temples tiredly with his hand before sighing.

“It’s fine. Not like I was expecting him to come.” Jungkook reiterates, shaking his head, he doesn’t know who he’s trying to convince, himself or everyone else in the room.

“JK—” Taehyung tries.

“Honestly guys, I don’t know why you got so invested in this—”

Seokjin grunts before moving to take him by the shoulders and turn him towards the door, moving his head to look directly at it. “No, idiot, fucking *look.*”

He’s annoyed that they’re manhandling him like this, ready to growl at Seokjin but he can’t because before him stands the one person he’s been waiting to see this whole time. He’s awkward as he tries to move through the crowd, looking a little worse for wear than Jungkook is used to, but he’s perfect.

He’s so pretty. He’s gorgeous. Even with dark eye bags under his eyes and his blonde hair a little messy, he’s perfect. Jungkook is pulled to him like a magnet, not caring about what his friends are thinking or saying or doing when he’s got Jimin in front of him, at an arm's length.

He moves through the crowd rudely, pushing through until he’s close enough to protectively wrap an arm around the small of the omega’s back, effectively caging him away from any wandering hands the alpha crowd he’s trying to move through might have. Jimin doesn’t notice it’s him immediately, flinching away but when he turns around and sees the alpha, his stance relaxes significantly.

He turns around and they’re both facing each other, and it’s like everything else fades away, the music, the crowd, everything else, gone in a flash. It’s just them.

Jungkook’s alpha is all but going mad, finally faced with Jimin’s milky-vanilla scent and his pheromones and the fact that he’s actually here. He came. He came for Jungkook.

“…You don’t look like you’re crying.” Jimin yells over the music, getting on his tiptoes so he can say it in Jungkook’s ear.

“What?” Jungkook asks, still unfocused and just very much trying to hold back from taking Jimin into his room and scenting him until morning. Or spending the whole night in between his legs. Whatever works.

No, Jungkook. This is exactly why Jimin thinks you're immature, *stop it.*

"Mingyu said you were crying," Jimin explains and he looks like he has the same need Jungkook has, subtly trying to scent Jungkook out in the crowd, searching for the sandalwood like it's his salvation. He gestures at Jungkook before he speaks. "You seem to be doing fine."

Jungkook almost growls. He doesn't know how the omega can say that. He feels awful, he's been awful ever since they last saw each other. All he's been doing since then has been waiting for Jimin to talk to him again.

"I'm not fine, Jimin," Jungkook grunts, shaking his head as crowds the older's space even further, Jimin gulping down a deep breath of air. "I'm anything but fine, baby. How could you block me like that? After everything we did? I have feelings, too, you know—"

Jimin's face contorts, his expression turning sad and eyes turning even glossier and Jungkook needs to fix it. "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, Jungkook. I didn't k-know what to do," he stutters out, almost shaking as tears begin to well up in his eyes.

Jungkook's alpha growls at him to do something, to fix what he's caused by his own pettiness and his own feelings that barely matter when he's making his omega *cry.* Jungkook lifts Jimin's face up by his chin, gesturing towards the stairs leading up to his bedroom. He doesn't want all these other people seeing Jimin so vulnerable.

Jimin nods, choking back a sob as Jungkook holds him close to himself while they move through the mass of people. He growls at anyone that comes too close, a domineering arm around the omega staying there until they reach his room.

Jungkook lets them in, sitting Jimin on his bed and locking the door. It feels so reminiscent of a couple of months ago, when they'd first been here and Jungkook almost wishes he could laugh at the déjà vu, but he's not finding the fact that Jimin is so distressed at a simple question humorous at all.

He crouches between the omega's legs, taking his hands into his own as he kisses each of his knuckles.

“Don’t cry, please don’t cry,” Jungkook begs, eyebrows furrowed as he peers up at Jimin. “I hate seeing you cry.”

“I’m sorry. I really am.” Jimin starts, shaking his head, refusing to look at the alpha. Jungkook doesn’t let him look away, bringing his head right back until his face, wet with tears, looks his way again. “H-he came home and smelled you on me and we got into a really bad argument and,” a sniffle and a sob, “he wanted to take my baby away, Jungkook. I-I didn’t know what else to do.”

“He’s not going to take your baby away,” Jungkook reassures, tone serious. He’d never let that happen. He would never let that bastard get his hands on either of them. “That will never happen. Jaehyunnie is yours. He’s yours, Jimin. No one is taking him away from you.”

“I know that now, idiot,” Jimin says through tears and it sounds a lot less menacing that way, making Jungkook bite back a smile. He wipes his tears against the sleeve of his white sweater before speaking again. “It was just scary. I didn’t want him t-to go after you either, I wanted you to be safe because I guess I liked you, I don’t know.”

“You guess?” The alpha says, quirking an eyebrow up.

“Jungkook—” Jimin groans.

“You don’t know? You’re not sure?” Jungkook asks, rising up before getting closer with each word, until the tips of their noses are touching with how close they are and Jimin’s covering his face with his hands so he doesn’t have to look at him so close.

“Stop getting all up in my face! Get off!” The omega exclaims, trying to move Jungkook’s arms where they’re gripping the bed sheets, each by the omega’s hips, trapping him.

“Say it, Jimin, c’mon,” Jungkook coaxes. The alpha needs to hear him say it, more than anything, needs to know for sure, even though the way the omega chases after his lips when he moves away even the tiniest bit, is proof enough, eliciting a chuckle out of him. “I can say it. I’m not scared. I just want you to say it first.”

Jimin huffs, turning his head away before he pouts. His face is still blotchy from the sobbing he'd done all but a few minutes ago. But his distress is gone from his delicious scent and that calms Jungkook's alpha down considerably.

"Do I have to?" Jimin whines and Jungkook nods frantically. The omega turns his full attention to him, their lips so close they're grazing one another. "Fine. Whatever. I guess I love you or something."

"You do?" Jungkook asks, his doe eyes turning huge as he looks straight into Jimin's own.

"Ugh, stop staring with your googly eyes. Do you think I would have come here if I didn't?"

Jimin blushes, the pink high on his cheeks as he tries to look away, obviously embarrassed to be in such close proximity and to be saying such things.

Jungkook doesn't let up, his gaze lowering to Jimin's lips as they touch, gentle, soft skin on soft skin. He nuzzles their noses together, catching his lower lip on Jimin's top one as he kisses the blush on Jimin's cheeks, a barely there peck.

He wants Jimin to want this, to *need* as much as he does.

Their lips meet in a gentle caress as Jimin places a hand on the back of the alpha's neck, pulling him in. Their lips meld together, eyes fluttering shut as they both sigh into it. The omega lets out these beautifully serene mewls in his mouth, Jungkook gulping them down like a starved man. It feels tender, affectionate, just right. Jungkook has missed this terribly.

There are no words to describe how it feels to be with the person you know wants you in the same ways you want them too, that sex isn't the only thing they're after, that they like you because you're *you,* even if you're so different from each other. Jimin makes him feel that way, he can proudly identify it now.

Their breaths mingle when they separate, diving right back in with ease, hearts beating to the same drum, a low thrum of tenderness overtaking them because this is their first kiss with the knowledge of what they feel and how they feel and that they can be together, that they can be more.

When they move apart, still desperate for closeness with Jimin's arms thrown over his shoulders, holding him close, the omega speaks up again. "You too," he says breathlessly. "Say it too."

And for all the times that word has terrified him, for all the times he's escaped from it, erased it from his vocabulary and subjected himself to a lifetime of meaningless sex, he says it now.

"I love you, baby."

Jimin pulls him into another kiss, falling backwards on the bed and pulling him along as he smiles into it, toothy and wide.

♥

Jungkook's picked up on the habit of going to pick up Jaehyun from school.

Jimin tells him he doesn't *have* to do it, that he knows he's tired from work and since Jimin's job as a dance instructor is more flexible, he can always come pick him up whenever, but the alpha is just used to it at this point.

This time, however, Jimin had to attend a parent-teacher conference all alone because Jungkook couldn't get out of work — he's just started working full-time a month ago as a personal trainer and he's still working things out — so he's picking them both up as an apology. The omega doesn't particularly enjoy going to those things alone, so he felt extra bad after he realized he wouldn't be able to come.

Anyway, he'd gotten both of them their favorite order from the takeout place down the street from their house, so he hopes that sort of makes up for it, at least.

He parks the car when he spots them, turning the ignition off before he steps outside. Jaehyun notices him immediately, running towards him clumsily before he jumps in the alpha's arms.

“Daddy, you came!” He squeals as he rubs his nose against Jungkook’s scent gland.

It’s sort of a new thing, Jaehyun referring to him as daddy, that is. Jungkook hadn’t expected him to do it, he’s aware of his age and he’s aware that Jaehyun hadn’t been that young when he and Jimin started dating, but he had still done it, a year ago by now, just a little after Jungkook had moved in with them.

Jungkook cried like a baby the first time it happened because even though Jaehyun still sees his biological dad on a monthly basis, the visits growing more sparse as the pup refuses to leave them, he’d still chosen Jungkook. Even though, biologically, they weren’t related in any way, he’d still found enough comfort in the alpha to grant him that title.

Jungkook places a soft kiss on his chubby cheek. “Of course, baby,” he says as he adjusts him up on his hip and walks over to Jimin. He’s been getting heavier these days, he’s already six after all. Time flies by.

“And hello, baby,” Jungkook says, his eyes raking over the omega’s body as he approaches, wearing form-fitting jeans and a beige sweater with a brown fuzzy coat over it. Nothing special, but god, he just gets prettier each day, scent even sweeter to Jungkook now that they’re mated. “You look good,” he whispers in the omega’s ear after he places a soft peck on his lips, very short because Jaehyun’s at that stage where he doesn’t like seeing them kiss.

“You’re sweaty,” Jimin deadpans as he moves to walk to the car. Jungkook just snorts before following him, placing Jaehyun in his booster seat and kissing the pup’s forehead. He opens the door for Jimin, too, despite the omega trying to open it himself with efficiency, but Jungkook doesn’t let him.

He’s a gentleman, thank you very much.

When they get in the car, both his omega and pup munching on their food as Jungkook gets them on the highway, the radio playing lowly, he asks Jimin how the conference went.

“It was fine,” Jimin hums, though that quirk in his lip tells Jungkook there’s something that’s bothering him, his scent giving him away too, the slightest bit soured. He sighs before he continues. “His teacher asked about you. *Again*. I don’t get it. He *knows* we’re mated. Does he want me to bite his head off?”

Jungkook chuckles. He likes Jimin‘s possessive streak as it always leads to some very, very mind-blowing sex. Jimin fixes him with a glare when he notices the spicier note in his scent, already knowing what he’s thinking about.

“And I love you, you know that, right?” The alpha says, taking Jimin’s hand into his free hand, kissing it before he turns his eyes back to the road and sets it down. Jimin rolls his eyes but Jungkook knows he likes it. “I don’t give a shi— I don’t care about anyone else. I have you and we have our pup. Everything else is noise.”

Jimin just sighs, biting his lip as he nods. He offers Jungkook a bite of his dumpling, feeding him and wiping the corner of his mouth when Jungkook gets soy sauce all over him, eyebrows furrowing as he chews because that shit is good. No wonder Jimin loves it so much.

“Daddy’s right,” Jaehyun says, cheeks happily filled with food. “You don’t need to worry, mommy. He’s wipp— whipped for you.”

Jungkook glares at Jimin for a moment as the omega outright starts giggling.

“Did you teach him to say that?” Jungkook asks suspiciously.

“What? Me? Of course not.” Jimin says, shaking his head as he takes another bite of his food. “It was Taehyung.”

Jungkook sighs, though he’s not that bothered, more-so amused. Their pup is like a sponge at this age.

“Don’t be mad, Jungkookie. I’m whipped for you too. Very much so.” Jimin reassures, leaning over the console to place a quick kiss on the alpha’s cheek. He takes a bite of his salad after, a weird expression on his face. He almost looks disgusted which is impossible because he loves that dish. He always gets it when they order in.

Jungkook frowns when he notices. “What is it? Is it too salty?”

“Oh god,” Jimin says, voice sounding weird, and then he starts retching, a hand over his mouth as Jungkook slows the car down, not wanting to jostle him any more. “I’m gonna be sick. Oh my god. I’m gonna throw up, pull over.”

“What do you mean? What?!”

“Just pull over, please!”

Jimin throws his salad up on the driveway to their house. Their pup runs into the house as soon as he’s free from the booster seat, squealing as he all but ignores his parents in favor of racing into the house to greet Bam, their overly-excited Doberman. Jungkook yells at him to be careful on the stairs, but Jaehyun just carries on unbothered.

Jimin turns to Jungkook with a very exhausted sort of look as the alpha rubs his back in comforting motions, he looks just the slightest bit miserable as he isn’t a fan of throwing up, leaning onto Jungkook while he helps him into the house.

“…You don’t think…?” Jungkook shyly asks once they’re inside, voice small. They haven’t exactly been *trying,* but they haven’t been using anything either.

If it happens, it happens, has been their motto. They’re both stable enough in their lives to think about it, and Jungkook *feels* mature enough and ready enough for it to happen — he has had practice with Jaehyun so he’s not going in blind —, though it had taken some talking into on his part. He has a feeling Jimin had just done that to annoy him.

Jimin turns to him with a sheepish smile, his hand against his flat stomach. “Maybe?”

“Really? You think so?”

“Well, I’ve never thrown up my favorite salad before and I don’t get car sick,” Jimin explains as Bam walks up to greet them, tail wagging wildly as they both pet him and take their shoes off. “And your rut was, like, two months ago…”

Even if they don't know for sure, Jungkook is sure that he's the happiest he's ever been, right here with Jimin and their little family. Nothing else matters, he's just happy, the happiest he's ever been, even if the Jungkook from three years ago would laugh in his face if he saw him now.

"I love you so much," Jungkook says, moving in to scent the omega, soft and intimate, his hands low on his waist as the omega entangles his hands in the younger's hair for a brief moment, holding him to his scent gland.

They separate to look at each other, Jimin peering up at him with only love in his eyes. The alpha absolutely adores when he looks at him like that.

"I love you too, idiot."

End Notes

comments are always appreciated ♡

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